

STARRING! STEEL STERLING! SERGEANT BOYLE!  
BLACK HOOD! MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE!

NO.  
8

# JACKPOT

10¢

WINTER ISSUE

comics





## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Superman", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature classic cartoon characters like Jerry the mouse, Porky Pig, and various superheroes. A large, stylized purple speech bubble with a black outline is centered over the collage. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is colorful and nostalgic, representing a collection of classic comic book art.



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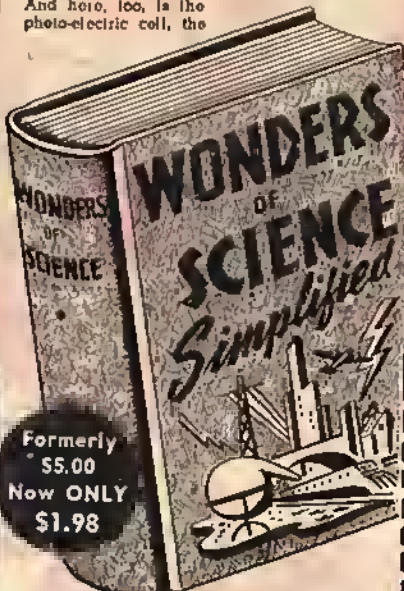
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# STEEL STERLING

Hero of Steel

**TIMES HERALD**

3 CENTS

FINAL

# U.S. TROOPS INVADE AFRICA

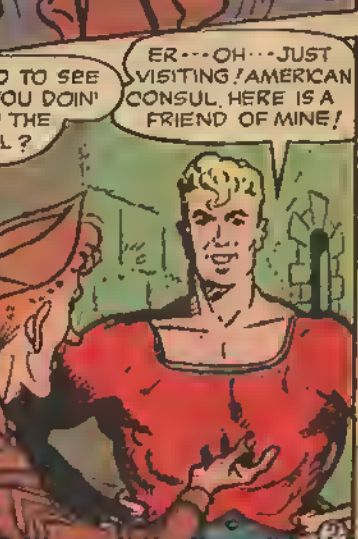
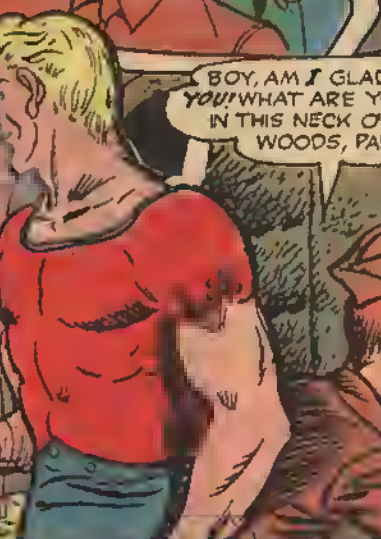
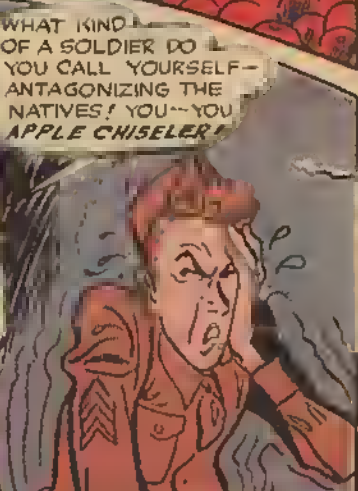
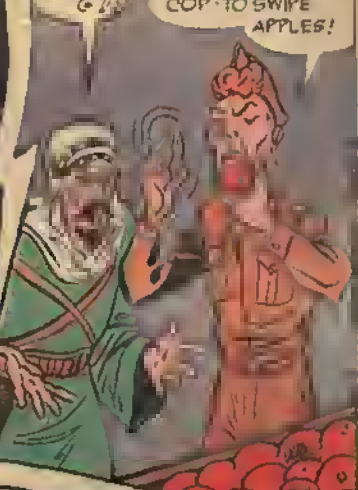
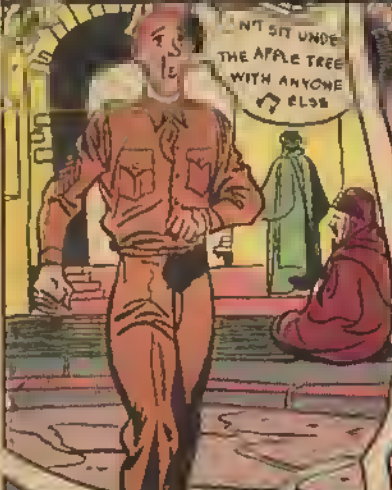


**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!**  
THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY OF THE THRILLING AMERICAN INVASION OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT—AND HOW STEEL STERLING HELPED PAVE THE WAY! OUR STORY BEGINS BEFORE THE INVASION!

IRVING  
MOVICIL



OPENING SCENE - LOONEY IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA ON SPECIAL DUTY, GUARDING THE AMERICAN CONSULATE ---



105-2,2  
2:25  
62  
EASY, PAL, EASY!  
IN MY COUNTRY,  
IT'S LEGAL FOR A  
COP TO SWIPE  
APPLES!

...N HERE  
IN THE  
SAME AS  
A COP!

BOY, YOU SHOULD  
SEE MY PAL  
CLANCY SWIPE  
THESE THINGS!  
HE'S AN  
EXPERT!

SERGEANT LUNAR,  
ATTEN-SHUN!

WHAT KIND  
OF A SOLDIER DO  
YOU CALL YOURSELF-  
ANTAGONIZING THE  
NATIVES! YOU--YOU  
APPLE CHISELER!

YOU CAN TURN AROUND  
NOW, LOONEY, HA, HA, HA!

STEEL STERLING---  
--- YOU!

BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE  
YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'  
IN THIS NECK O' THE  
WOODS, PAL?

ER---OH---JUST  
VISITING! AMERICAN  
CONSUL, HERE IS A  
FRIEND OF MINE!

--AND BY THE WAY, HE ASKED ME TO SEND THE SOLDIER ON GUARD IN TO SEE HIM-- THAT'S YOU, ISN'T IT?

HUH-- HE WANTS TO SEE ME?



BE RIGHT BACK, STEEL!



SERGEANT LUNAR REPORTING, SIR!

WHO--OH, YOU MUST BE THE ONE STERLING WAS TELLING ME ABOUT!



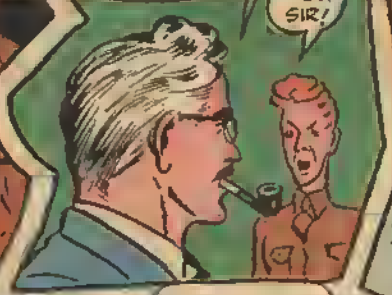
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE HOTEL!

I HAVE A RATHER-- ER-- CONFIDENTIAL JOB! YOU ARE TO BE ON THE BEACH AT TEN TONIGHT! GO FULLY ARMED-- AND BE PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY!

BUT-- BUT--

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR CONFUSION, BUT I CANNOT ENLIGHTEN YOU! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO ACT AS A BODY-GUARD TO A PARTY OF SOLDIERS WHO WILL COME ASHORE IN A ROWBOAT! NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE, YOU UNDERSTAND! THAT IS ALL, SERGEANT!

YES, SIR!



AND AS LOONEY EMERGES FROM THE CONSUL'S OFFICE-----

THERE HE IS, ANNA! FOLLOW HIM!

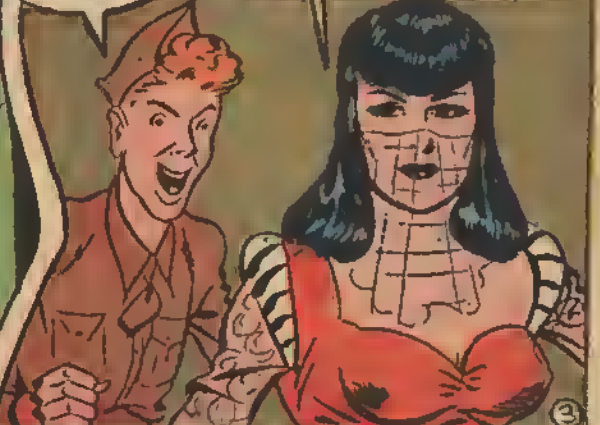


ALO!

WOO-- WOO!

BOY, WOTTA PEACH!-- HIYA BABE! YOU UNDERSTAND MY LINGO?

YES--- I SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE, YOU CUTE AMERICAN!





GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S LOONEY FLIRTING WITH AN ARAB GIRL! DOESN'T THAT DOPE REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

OH, OH... THAT ARAB AP- PROACHING MUST BE A RELATIVE OF HERS!

I BETTER GET DOWN THERE BEFORE HE MURDERS LOONEY!

LOONEY... GET AWAY FROM THERE!

HUH?

GOOD-BYE, YOU NICE AMERICAN!

S'LONG, SUGAR!

WHO WAS THAT GIRL, LOONEY? WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HER?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHO SHE IS - DIDYA SEE WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE? BOY, SHE WAS WILLIN' TO GO OUT TONIGHT WITH ME - BUT I TOLD HER I COULDN'T! I JUST GOT AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT, AND ---

OH, YOU TOLD HER THAT, EH? WELL, I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE CONSUL THAT YOUR ASSIGNMENT WAS

POSTPONED, SO YOU CAN GO BACK AND KEEP YOUR DATE!

WOW... WHAT A BREAK!

HEY, SUGAR, WAIT UP!

MY ASSIGNMENT WAS JUST POSTPONED, SO WE CAN DO SOME STEPPIN' AFTER ALL! THAT IS IF IT IS OKAY WITH YOU, POP!

BUT OF COURSE I DON'T  
OBJECT, SIDI AMERICAN!  
WO'NT YOU STEP INSIDE!

BOY--SOME  
LAY-OUT!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE  
OR YOU'RE A  
DEAD MAN!

WH---  
WHAT!



NOW, YOU STUPID AMERICAN  
GWINE, WHAT NIGHT WAS  
YOUR *SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT*  
POSTPONED FOR?

I GET IT  
NOW! NAZI  
SPIES! WELL  
EVEN IF I DID  
KNOW, I WOULDN'T  
TELL YA!

ALL RIGHT-- MAYBE  
A LITTLE *SPECIAL*  
TREATMENT WILL  
LOOSEN HIS TONGUE--  
PROCEED!

HA, HA,  
HOOO HOOO  
HOOO!

WE CAN KEEP  
THIS UP INDEFINITELY  
UNTIL WE DRIVE  
YOU MAD--- SO  
BE WISE AND  
GIVE US THE  
INFORMATION  
WE SEEK!

NUTS  
TO YOU!


I DON'T KNOW, I TELL  
YA! ALL MY PAL STEEL  
TOLD ME WAS THAT  
MY ASSIGNMENT  
HAD BEEN  
POSTPONED!

SO STEEL  
STERLING  
TOLD YOU THAT!

STERLING IS SHREWD! HE  
MUST HAVE DELIBERATELY  
GIVEN THAT FOOL WRONG  
INFORMATION --- YES OF  
COURSE, THAT MUST BE  
IT!

THANK YOU, MY FRIEND!  
YOU HAVE TOLD  
ME WHAT I  
WISHED TO  
KNOW-- NOW,  
I WILL SEND A  
LITTLE MESSAGE  
TO BERLIN!





CALLING BERLIN.  
AGENT 5243  
REPORTING TO  
BERLIN!

WHILE ON THE ROOF OF THE  
SPIES HEADQUARTERS---

GOOD! HE'S RADIOING BERLIN!  
JUST AS I EXPECTED HE  
WOULD! NOW  
I'LL JUST  
INTERCEPT  
THE REPLY  
WITH MY  
TONGUE!

NOTE: STERLING IF YOU REMEMBER  
HAS A BODY WITH THE QUALITIES  
OF STEEL! SO BY INSERTING HIS  
TONGUE BETWEEN HIS TEETH  
HE CAN SET UP A MAGNETIC  
FIELD AND INTERCEPT WIRE-  
LESS MESSAGES!

AWWRRK--- GOOD  
WORK AGENT 5243!  
PROCEED WITH  
PLAN M  
AWRRRK

ALL RIGHT, GET RID  
OF THIS SWINE--AND  
THEN COME TO THE  
CONSULATE!

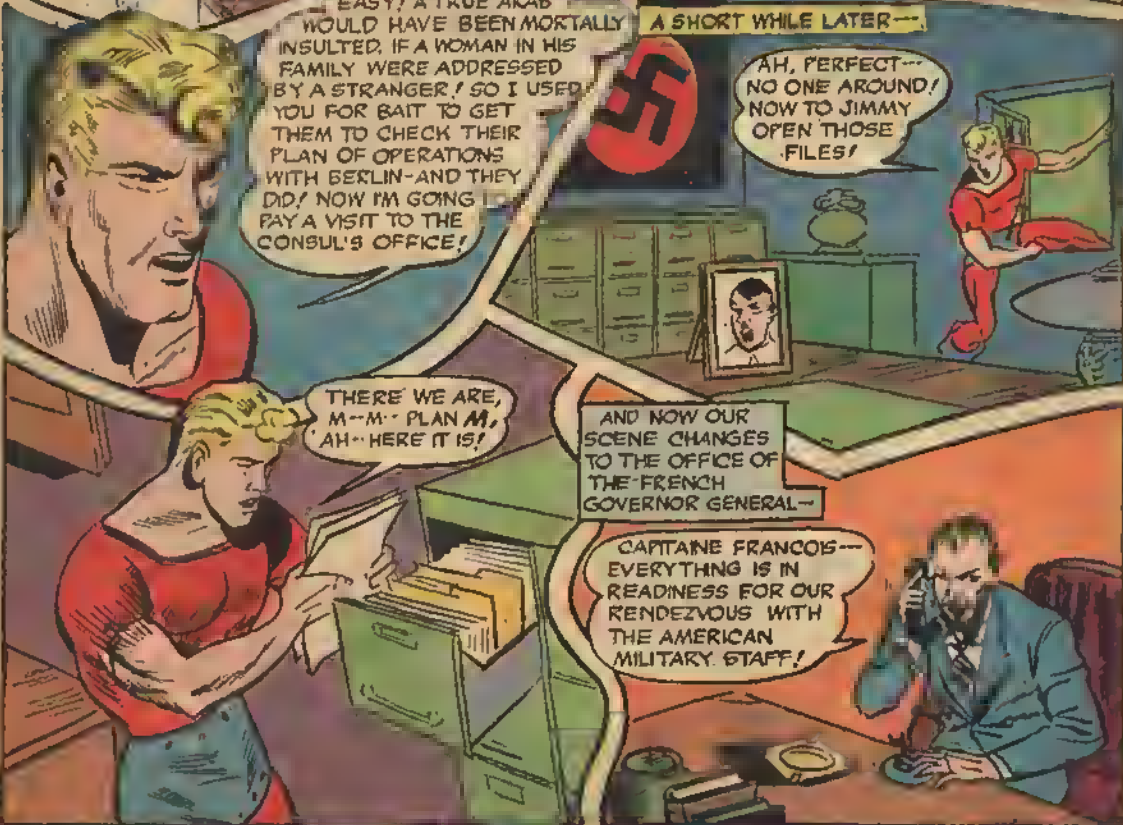
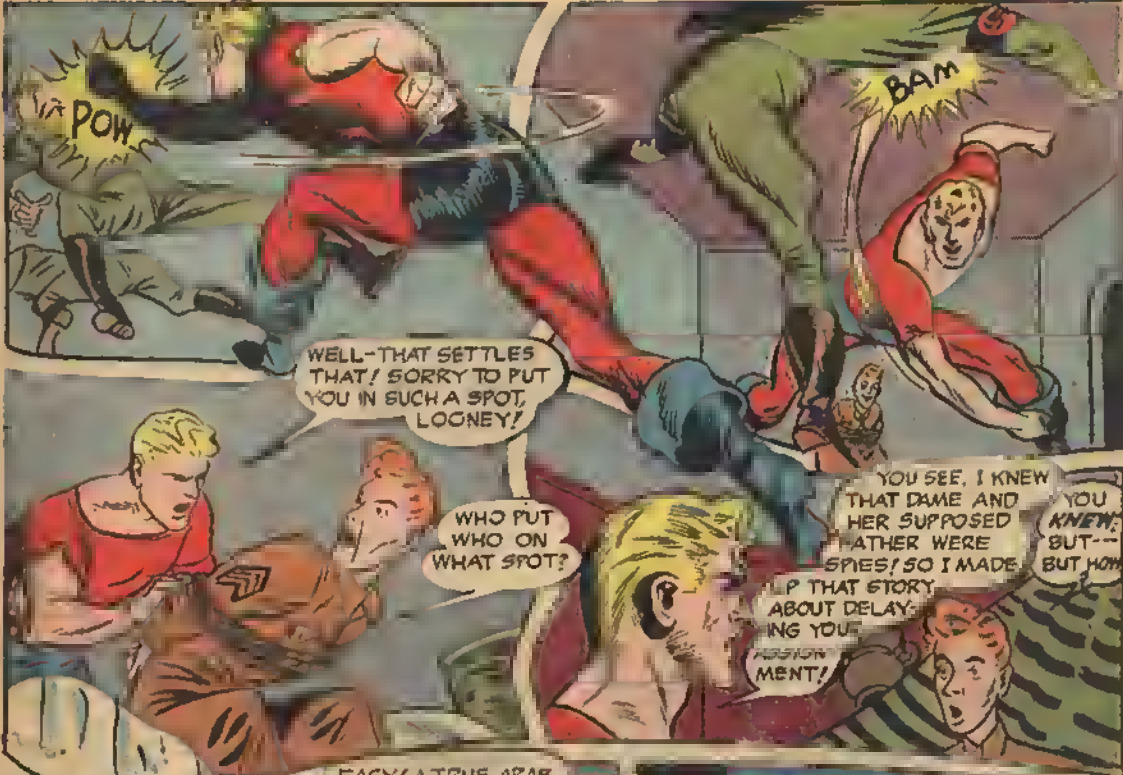
THERE GOES  
THE RING LEADER--  
SAY WHERE HAVE  
I SEEN THAT  
GUY BEFORE?

WHY OF  
COURSE, HE'S  
THE GERMAN CONSUL.  
WELL, THAT SIMPLIFIES  
MATTERS!

NOW TO GET LOONEY OUT  
OF HIS JAM-- HIYA PAL!  
I THINK THESE GUYS  
HAVE HAD THEIR FUN!

NOW, WE'LL HAVE  
OURS, EH  
SERGEANT  
LUNAR?







BIEN, MON  
GÉNÉRAL! I  
SHALL START  
OUT IN-----  
AAAAGH

FRANÇOIS---  
FRANÇOIS! /  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

YOUR PRECIOUS  
CAPTAIN WON'T BE ABLE  
TO KEEP THAT APPOINT-  
MENT, MON GÉNÉRAL--  
--AND NEITHER WILL YOU!

SACRÉ BLEU,  
THE GERMAN CONSUL!  
GUARD, GUARD!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH---I  
TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF  
DISPOSING OF YOUR  
GUARDS!

WHAT DO  
YOU INTEND  
TO DO?

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T HAVE  
YOU KILLED--YET! YOUR  
RENDEZVOUS WITH THE  
AMERICANS SHALL BE  
KEPT--BY ME!

THERE--- NOT BAD, EH? HOW  
SURPRISED THE AMERICANS WILL  
BE TO LEARN FROM THE GOVERNOR  
GENERAL HIMSELF THAT THE IN-  
TENDED INVASION OF NORTH AFRICA  
COULDN'T POSSIBLY SUCCEED--  
OH YES, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT  
YOUR PLANS! ONLY WE DID  
NOT KNOW, UNTIL TODAY  
WHEN THEY INTENDED  
TO STRIKE!

TO THE NORTH  
BEACH--AND  
HURRY!



HA, HA, IF THIS STUPID  
CHAUFFEUR ONLY KNEW  
THAT HE WAS DRIVING  
A MEMBER OF THE GERMAN  
REICH, BUT HE'LL KNOW AS  
SOON AS WE REACH OUR DES-  
TINATION I SHALL DISPOSE  
OF HIM!



HANS! DER  
CONSUL SAID  
VE MUSTN'T  
HURT DIS  
SVEIN!



BUT THIS VONT HURT, VILLITT?  
IT VILL BE OFFER QUICK, UND PAIN-  
LESS TOO! JA! HA, HA, HA!

NON, NON!

DROP THAT  
GUN SOUR  
KRAUT



OOF!!



AH! SHTEEL  
SHTERLING!

BETTER STILL, I'LL  
DROP YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, GENERAL! THINGS ARE NOT AS COMPLICATED AS THEY SEEM! I SIMPLY FOUND A CERTAIN PLAN AMONG THESE SPIES, AND SO

M'SIEUR STERLING! HOW...? WHAT...?

I CARRIED OUT A PLAN OF MY OWN!

BUT M'SIEUR, THE CONSUL HAS GONE TO TAKE MY PLACE AT THE REND-EZVOUS! HE WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!

HA, HA!.. I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER GET THERE! I TOLD YOU I HAD A PLAN OF MY OWN!

MEANWHILE...

CHAUFFEUR.. WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE BEACH LONG AGO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M TAKING A SHORTCUT, WISE GUY!

YOU... YOU AREN'T MY CHAUFFEUR. STOP THIS CAR! STOP IT AT ONCE, I SAY!

SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I DRIVE, EH?

YOU!

THEN DRIVE IT YOURSELF!

BOY, THIS TICKLES ME MORE THAN YOUR KILLERS WITH THEIR FEATHERS! HAPPY LANDING, BUTCHER BOY!



TSK-TSK... SUCH CARELESS DRIVING! NO WONDER THERE ARE SO MANY ACCIDENTS!

...AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE SNOUT OF A SUB-MARINE NOSES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE MURKY WATERS AND CAUTIOUSLY SLITHERS TOWARD NORTH BEACH....

NO, CAPTAIN! CAN SOMETHING POSSIBLY HAVE GONE WRONG?

LOOK! THE SIGNAL!

DO YOU SEE THE SIGNAL LIGHT, GENERAL CARR?

GOOD... I'LL HAVE A LANDING BOAT PREPARED AT ONCE!

AND ON THE BEACH...

GREETINGS, GENTLE MEN! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

GREETINGS, BIRDS! EVERYTHING'S FINE.. OH HELLO, LOONEY!

HIYA, STEEL! I'M JUST IN TIME TO CARRY OUT MY ES-CORT ASSIGN-MENT, HUH?

I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, GENERAL- AND NOW, IF YOU PLEASE, THERE IS A PLACE IN READINESS, WHERE WE MAY NEGOTIATE IN MORE COMFORT!

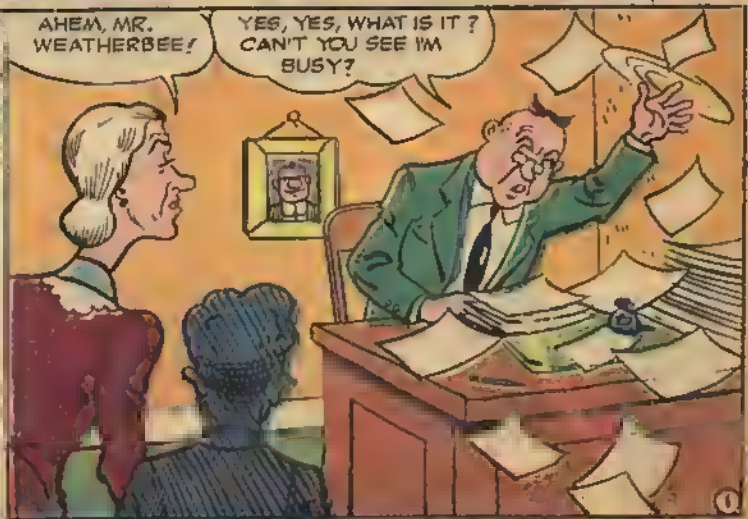
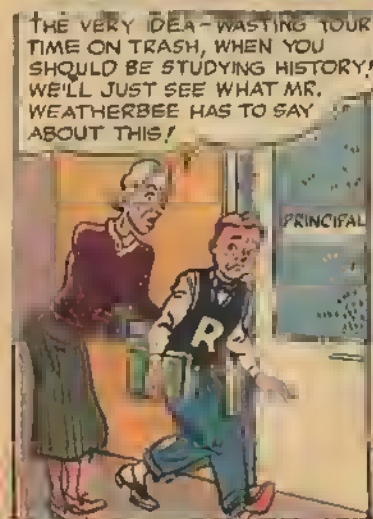
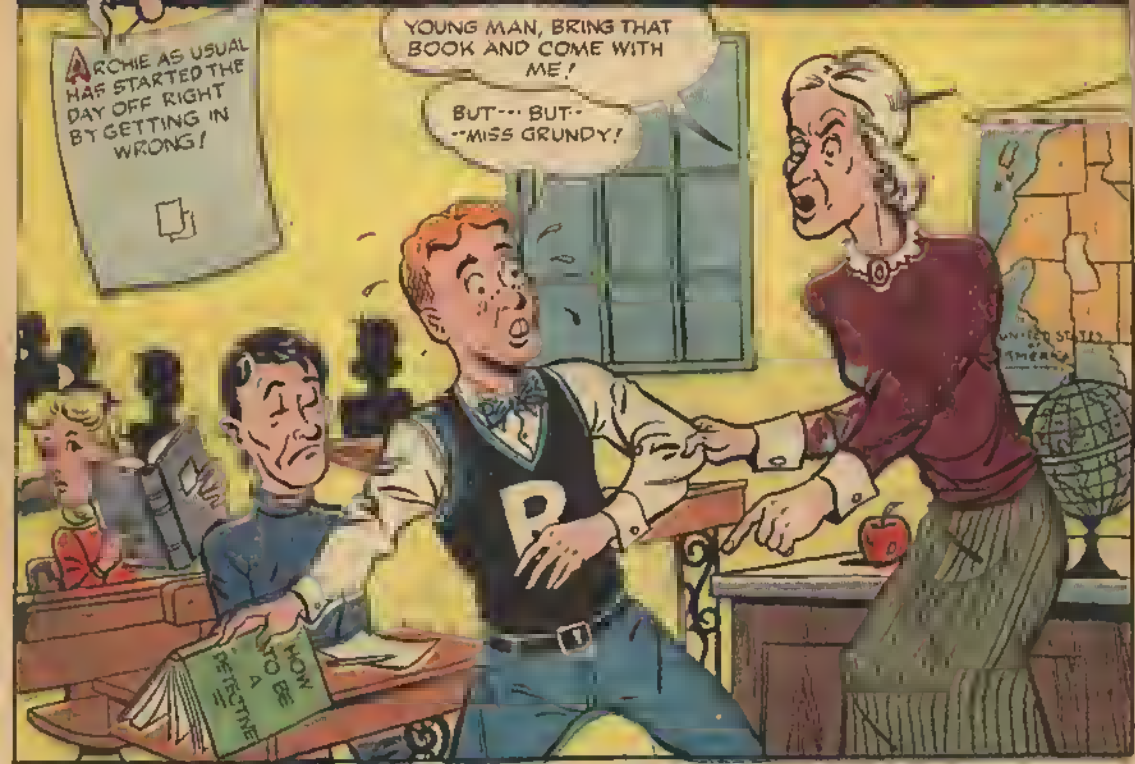
HOW DO YOU DO, GOVERNOR, GENERAL CARR OF THE U.S. ARMY AT YOUR SERVICE!

WELL, WE DID IT, HUH, PAL! IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, IF YOU WANT TO GET ALONG IN THIS MAN'S ARMY...

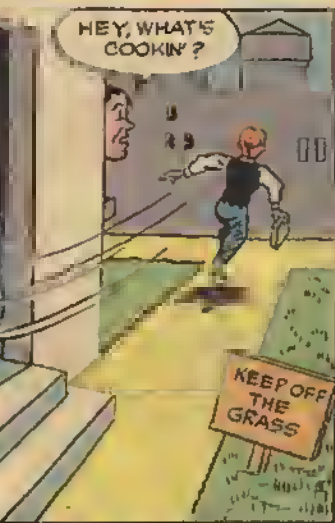
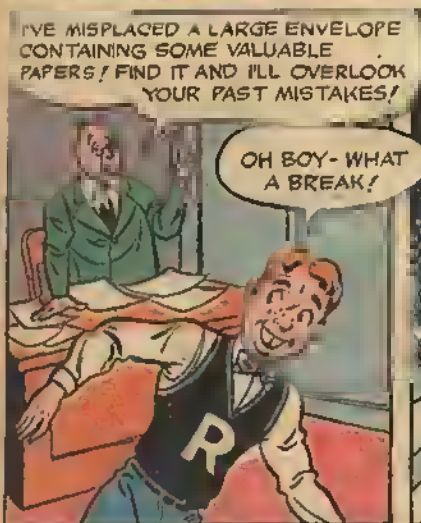
...KEEP AWAY FROM THE WOMEN, EH, LOONEY? HA, HA, HA!

MORE ADVENTURE WITH STEEL STERLING, MAN OF STEEL, CLANCY AND LOONEY IN EVERY ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS

# Archie







WHAT THE HAT? -  
ARCHIE, YOU LOSE  
SOMETHING?

WISE GUY-  
I'M LOOKING  
FOR CLUES!



SO IT'S YOU, ARCHIE ANDREWS -  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF  
SCHOOL? NOW YOU MARCH  
RIGHT BACK BEFORE I CALL  
UP MR. WEATHERBEE!



DISGUISES,  
PHOOEY!



AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING  
BACK TO SCHOOL YOU CAN  
TAKE THIS PACKAGE TO  
MR. WEATHERBEE!

AW GEE, MRS.  
WEATHERBEE! -  
GRUMBLE -  
GRUMBLE -



A FINE THING, MAKING AN  
ERRAND BOY OUT OF A  
HIGH-CLASS DETECTIVE!  
WE'LL NEVER FIND OLD  
'BEE'S' ENVELOPE AT  
THIS RATE!

HO-  
HUM!



JUGHEAD, LOOK!  
A CLUE!



JUST LOOKS LIKE  
SOMEBODY WITH  
DIRTY FEET, TO ME!



MY DETECTIVE BOOK  
SAYS FOOTPRINTS ARE  
ALWAYS A SURE CLUE!  
COME ON, WE'LL TRACK  
THEM DOWN!



THERE'S OUR MAN, JUGHEAD!  
HURRY UP AND WE'LL  
CAPTURE HIM!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN  
WE?





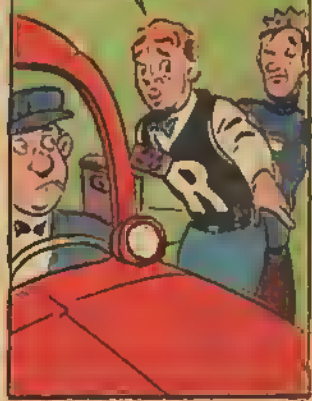
HEY-LOOKOUT! HE'S  
MAKING A GET-AWAY!  
AFTER HIM, JUGHEAD!

I SHOULD HAVE  
WORN MY TRACK  
SUIT!

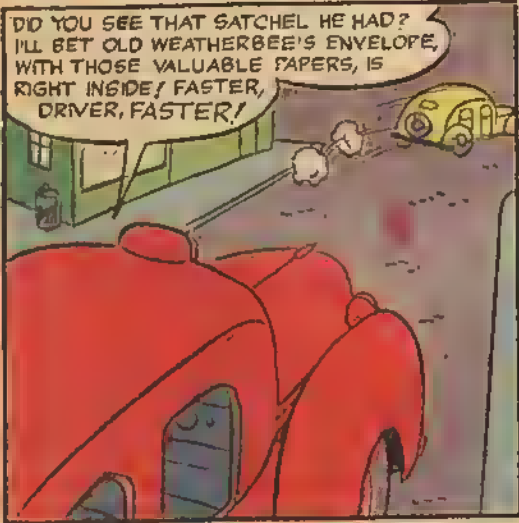
TAXI!



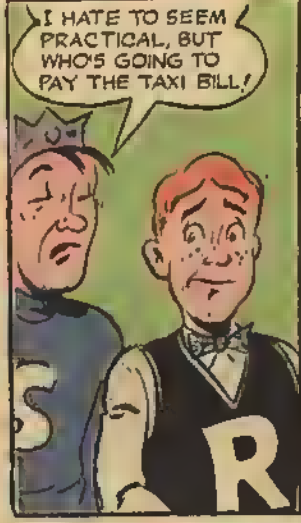
HE CAN'T DO THIS TO  
US - QUICK, FOLLOW  
THAT CAR!



DID YOU SEE THAT SATCHEL HE HAD?  
I'LL BET OLD WEATHERBEE'S ENVELOPE,  
WITH THOSE VALUABLE PAPERS, IS  
RIGHT INSIDE! FASTER,  
DRIVER, FASTER!



I HATE TO SEEM  
PRACTICAL, BUT  
WHO'S GOING TO  
PAY THE TAXI BILL!

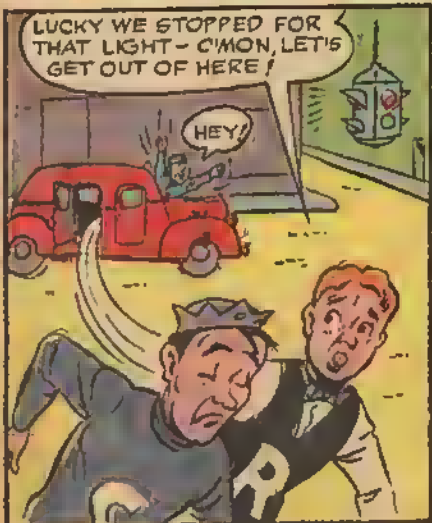


GOSH, I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF THAT!



LUCKY WE STOPPED FOR  
THAT LIGHT - C'MON, LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE!

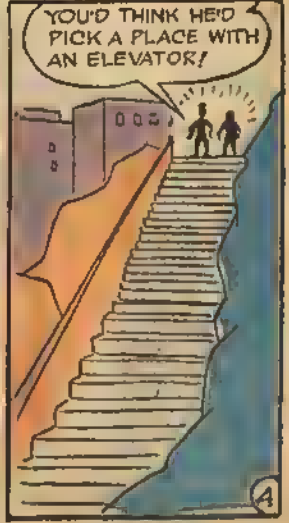
HEY!

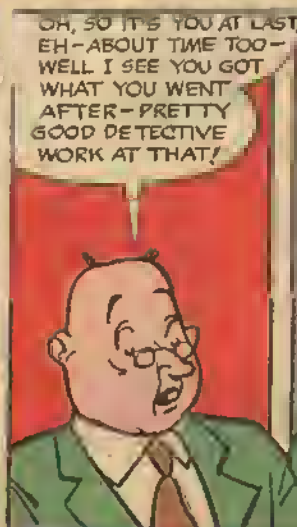
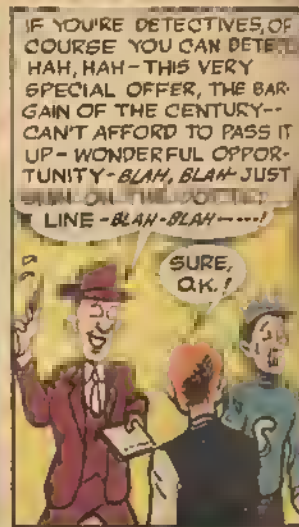


THERE GOES  
THE GUY - MUST  
HAVE GOT OUT  
AROUND THE  
CORNER!



YOU'D THINK HE'D  
PICK A PLACE WITH  
AN ELEVATOR!







ARCHIE, YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE PROPERLY REWARDED!

JUST A MOMENT UNTIL I OPEN THIS ENVELOPE WITH THE RESULTS OF YESTERDAY'S EXAMINATION PAPERS!

EXAMINATION PAPERS?

AHA - JUST AS I SUSPECTED - ARCHIE ANDREWS "F"! YOUNG MAN - JUST FOR THAT YOU WON'T BE ALLOWED TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL PROM!

GOSH, WHAT WILL VERONICA SAY WHEN I TELL HER I CAN'T TAKE HER TO THE PROM? AND WHAT WILL POP SAY WHEN I GET HOME LATE FOR SUPPER?

I'D BETTER SNEAK IN QUIET-LIKE AND-- OH-OH!

ARCHIE!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS BILL FOR TWENTY YEARS SUBSCRIPTION TO "WHOOIS-MAGAZINE"?

HOLY SMOKE - I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT SALESMAN!

RING

SAVED BY THE BELL!

YOU SIT DOWN AND REST, POP, I'LL ANSWER THE BELL!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SKIP OUT ON A CAB BILL, EH? LUCKY I FOUND THIS PEN WITH YOUR NAME ON IT!

NEXT DAY---

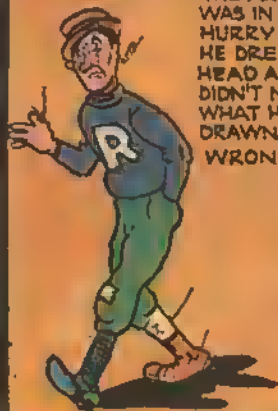
NO PROM-TAXI BILLS - MAGAZINE BILLS - AND POP SAYS I HAVE TO STUDY EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I GET "A" IN ALL MY CLASSES!

BOY-LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN FOR THE DURATION!

# Archie's PUZZLES

HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN YOU

FIND IN THIS  
DRAWING?  
THE ARTIST  
WAS IN A  
HURRY WHEN  
HE DREW JOE-  
HEAD AND  
DIDN'T NOTICE  
WHAT HE HAD  
DRAWN  
WRONG.

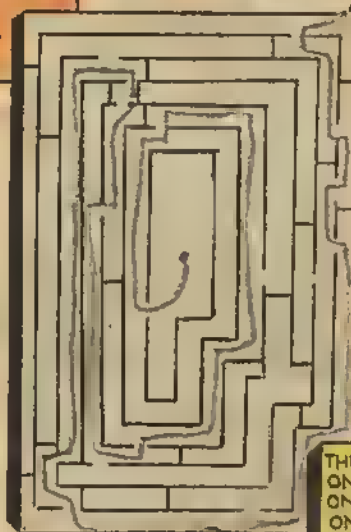


SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN UNSCRAMBLE  
THE FOLLOWING WORDS AND FIND OUT  
WHAT FRUITS THEY SPELL. IT TOOK BETTY  
FIVE MINUTES.

1. ULPM                      8. ERCRYH
2. PALEP                    9. ASCVAAD
3. GARNOE                  10. EANRTCIEN
4. PRAE                    11. TAMGRNAEPOE

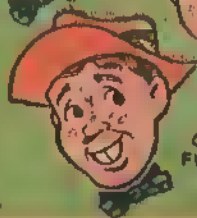
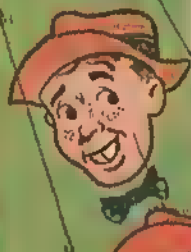
5. RLNTEMADEW            12. EONML
6. RPAIFEGRTU            13. LMIE
7. AHEPC                   14. NANSABA
15. EMSKUMONL

FIND YOUR WAY TO THE  
CENTER OF THE MAZE  
WITHOUT CROSSING LINES.



C. NOW TRY TO UN-  
SCRAMBLE THESE  
VEGETABLES

- |         |         |
|---------|---------|
| PNRIUT  | LYEREC  |
| BGACEBA | ESAP    |
| RTOCAR  | BSAEN   |
| TAOTOP  | CIPANSH |

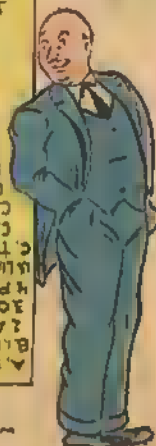


CAN YOU  
FIND THE  
TWIN?

THERE WERE TWO INDIANS, A TALL  
ONE AND A SHORT ONE. THE SHORT  
ONE WAS THE SON OF THE TALL  
ONE BUT THE TALL ONE WAS NOT  
THE FATHER OF THE SHORT ONE  
WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP OF  
THE TALL ONE TO THE SHORT  
ONE?

ANSWERS:

- OF THE SHORT ONE  
E. THE TALL ONE IS THE MOTHER  
D. 1 AND 2 ARE THE TWINS  
CARROTS BEANS  
CABBAGE PEAS  
C. TURNIP CELERY  
1. LIME 14. BANANA 15. MUSKMELO  
4. PEAR 1. CHERRY 12. LEMON  
3. ORANGE 11. PEACH  
1. APPLE 4. ORANGE 11. PEACH  
B. PLUM 4. WATERMELON 4. AVACADO  
A. 5. MISTAKES





REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

# THE BLACK HOOD

## MAN OF MYSTERY

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS TALE!!

THE PAST IS GONE AND THE DEAD CANNOT BE REBORN! THE GRAVE DOES NOT GIVE UP ITS TENANTS, YOU WILL SAY...

SO SAID THE **BLACK HOOD** TOO, AS HE STALKED THAT WEIRD CREATURE, DEAD FOR CENTURIES, **THE AZTEC**! WE REPEAT, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS TALE... BUT YOU'LL WANT TO READ IT AND READ IT AGAIN, AND YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT! THIS TALE OF THE **VENGEANCE OF THE AZTEC!**

OUR TALE BEGINS IN THE THICK, ALMOST VIRGIN FOREST OF MEXICO WHERE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS SENT AN EXPEDITION TO MINE FOR TIN! ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION ARE BARBARA SUTTON, COVERING A STORY FOR HER NEW PAPER, AND HER EVER-SENT COMPANION, KIP BURLAND... KNOWN ONLY TO HERSELF AS **THE BLACK HOOD!**



THE U.S. GOVERNMENT COULD SURE USE THE TIN IN THIS OLD **AZTEC** MINE, BABS!

YES, KIP! I WONDER WHY DRAKE DOESN'T START MINING OPERATIONS?

SUDDENLY...

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT AT THE MINE ENTRANCE?

I AM THE GUARDIAN OF THE **AZTECS**, MORTALS! I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU!

DO NOT VIOLATE THE SACRED TOMB OF OUR ANCIENT KINGS! ONLY THE **KISS OF DEATH** AWAITS YOU!


I'LL GIVE YOU A LEADEN KISS, YOU FAKER!

FOOL OF A MORTAL! YOU DARE ATTACK ME?


YOU SHALL BE THE FIRST TO DIE!

EVEN AS THE ARROW SINGS ITS SONG OF DEATH, KIP BURLAND STEPS INTO THE FOLIAGE AND BECOMES... THE **BLACK HOOD**!







HE RAN INTO  
THE MINE...




THERE HE  
GOES, AROUND  
THAT TURN!




THIS IS  
THE LAST  
WARNING!  
BEWARE  
THE  
TERRIBLE  
VENGEANCE  
OF THE  
AZTECS!



YOU HAVEN'T  
GOTTEN AWAY FROM  
ME YET, AZTEC!



HE'LL NEVER  
GET AWAY NOW!  
THIS TUNNEL  
IS A  
DEAD END!!



HE'S DISAPPEARED!  
AND THAT STONE  
FIGURE... EXACTLY  
LIKE HIM! NO,  
IT COULDN'T BE!  
SUCH THINGS  
JUST CAN'T  
HAPPEN!



HOOD.. THAT AZTEC.. I WISH  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO HIM?  
I KNEW.  
HOW IS  
THE ENGINEER  
??

STONE  
DEAD!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!  
I'M SURE CHARLIE HIT THAT  
AZTEC WITH THOSE LAST  
SHOTS! HE SHOT AT HIM  
POINT-BLANK!

IT'S NOT AS  
CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS,  
DRAKE! AS CHIEF  
ENGINEER, DO YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING QUEER  
ABOUT THIS  
MINE?

YES!  
THERE'S  
A LEGEND  
ABOUT  
IT!

A LEGEND I LAUGHED AT  
AS MY ENGINEERS DID, BUT  
THE NATIVES BELIEVE IT!  
THAT'S WHY THEY'VE BEEN  
RESTLESS FOR DAYS! YOU  
KNOW HOW SUPERSTITIOUS  
THEY ARE! IT SEEMS THERE  
IS A LEGEND ABOUT THIS  
MOUNTAIN...

WHAT'S GOING  
ON, O'BRIEN?

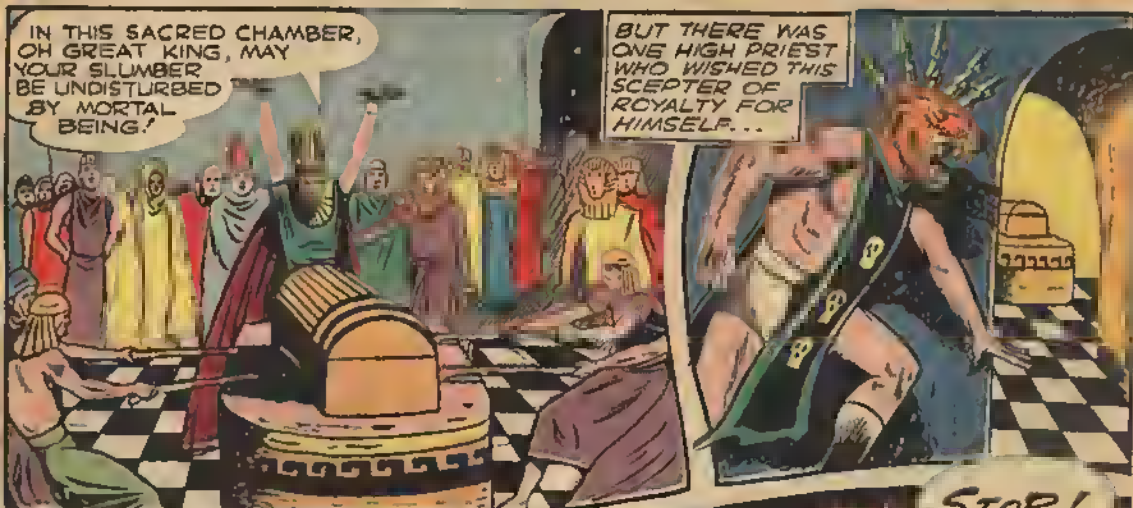
CHIEF! I'M  
GLAD YOU'RE  
BACK! CHARLIE'S  
DEAD!... KILLED  
BY A DEAD  
AZTEC!

WE ARE DIGGING IN THE VERY FOREST  
WHERE ONCE STOOD THE ANCIENT  
CITY OF THE AZTECS. THEIR KINGS  
WERE BURIED WITH STRANGE AND  
MYSTIC CEREMONIES...

THEY WERE PLACED IN  
THEIR COFFING WITH MAGIC  
SCEPTERS... SCEPTERS.  
WHICH MADE THEIR ETERNAL  
SLEEP RATHER THAN  
ETERNAL DEATH!







BUT THERE WAS ONE HIGH PRIEST WHO WISHED THIS SCEPTER OF ROYALTY FOR HIMSELF...

THE TRAITOR VIOLATED THE ROYAL COFFIN, AND AS HE REACHED FOR THE SACRED SCEPTER...

SUDDENLY IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT THE KING ROSE, AND..

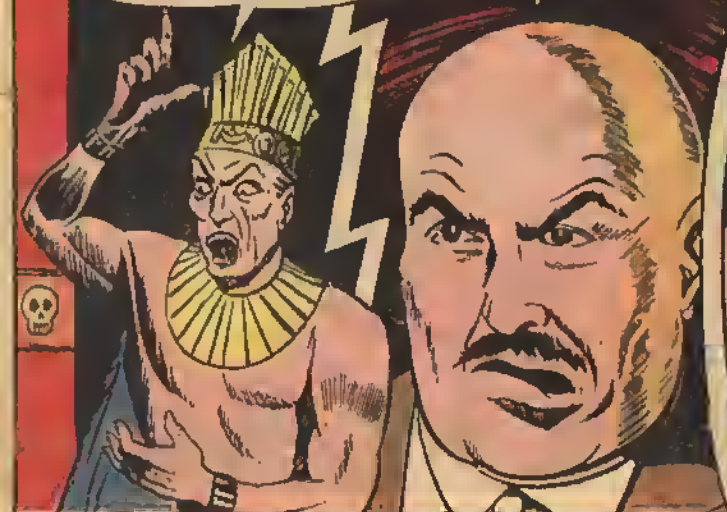
STOP! MISERABLE VIOLATOR OF THE SACRED TOMB!



LET THIS BE YOUR PUNISHMENT! YOU SHALL NEVER DIE! THROUGH AGES TO COME, YOU SHALL GUARD THE TEMPLE AND PREVENT OTHERS FROM DEFILING IT!!

OF COURSE IT'S JUST A SILLY SUPERSTITION, BUT TO QUIET THE NATIVES, I'LL HAVE THAT TUNNEL SEALED UP!

NOT UNTIL I'VE HAD ANOTHER LOOK, DRAKE! I'M NOT CONVINCED YET!



THAT NIGHT AT THE NATIVE  
VILLAGE...

THE WHITE MEN  
HAVE OFFENDED THE  
ANCIENT AZTEC  
GUARDIAN! WE WILL  
ALL BE PUNISHED!

SUDDENLY, AS  
THROUGH FROM  
THIN AIR THE  
AZTEC APPEARS  
IN THEIR  
MIDST!!

YES, SONS OF  
THE AZTECS!  
YOU ALL **SHALL**  
BE PUNISHED  
!!!

AAEEEEEE...  
IT IS  
HE! WE ARE  
DOOMED!!

SPARE  
US!  
SPARE  
US!!  
OH, ANCIENT  
ONE!

I SPARE YOU  
ONLY IF YOU OFFER  
A LIVING SACRIFICE  
UPON THE ALTAR  
OF THE GODS!  
THERE IS A WHITE  
GIRL...

YES! YES!  
HER BLOOD  
SHALL BE  
GIVEN, OH,  
AZTEC!

LATER...

SAY, MISS  
SUTTON, THINGS  
SEEM TO BE  
STRANGELY  
QUIET!

YES, O'BRIEN  
IT...IT  
SCARES  
ME!

DO NOT KILL  
THE WHITE  
WOMAN!

FRENZIEDLY, THE  
TERRIFIED NATIVES  
BEAR THEIR UNCON-  
SCIOUS BURDEN  
BACK TO THE SACRI-  
FICIAL ALTAR...

AAAGGGGG



YOU HAVE  
DONE YOUR  
WORK WELL!

AND NOW...  
VENGEANCE  
FOR THE GODS  
AND THE  
GLORY OF  
THE AZTECS!

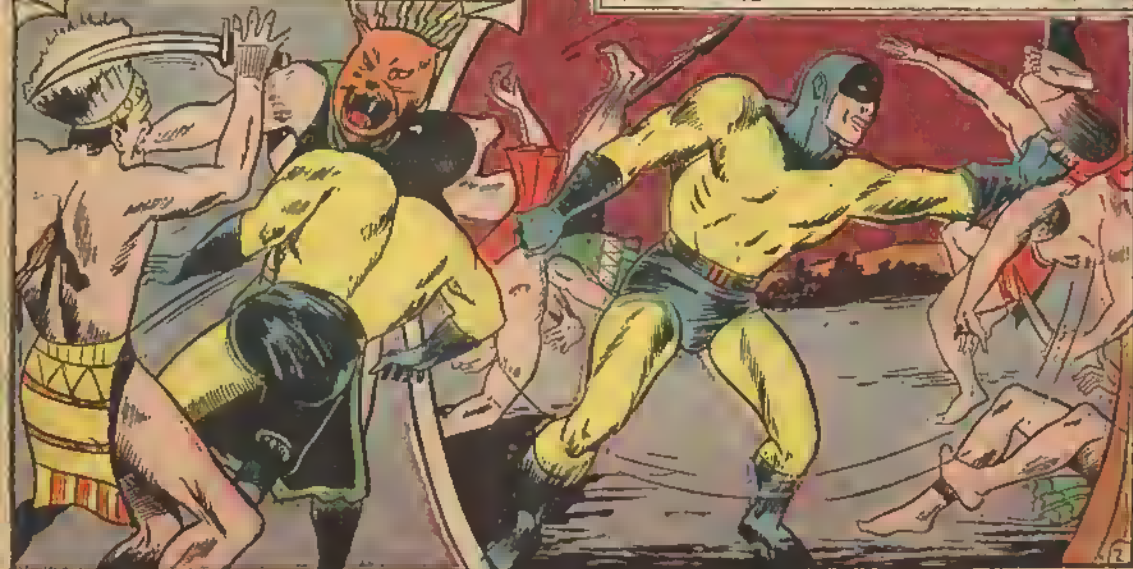
THEN, A HUMAN  
JUGGERNAUT HURTTLES  
OUT OF THE THICK  
UNDERBRUSH...  
THE BLACK HOOD.

WHAM

SACRILEGIOUS  
MEDDLER! I  
WARNED YOU  
NOT TO PIT  
YOURSELF AGAINST  
ME! NOW YOU  
DIE!


SWIVELING WITH SPLIT SECOND  
PRECISION, THE DARK KNIGHT OF  
MYSTERY LUNGES TO ONE SIDE, AND...

..A THUNDERBOLT CRASHES THROUGH  
THE RANKS OF THE INFURIATED NATIVES

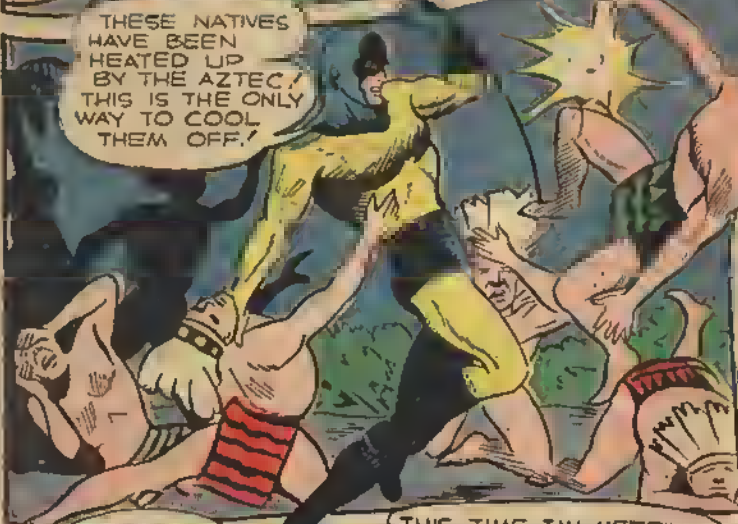





YOU MISSED AGAIN...



BUT I DIDN'T!

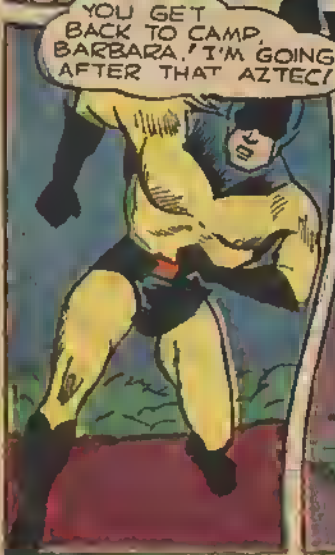


THESE NATIVES HAVE BEEN HEATED UP BY THE AZTEC. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO COOL THEM OFF!

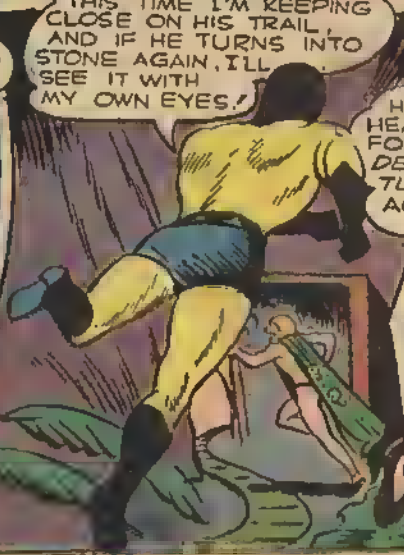


HOOD! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

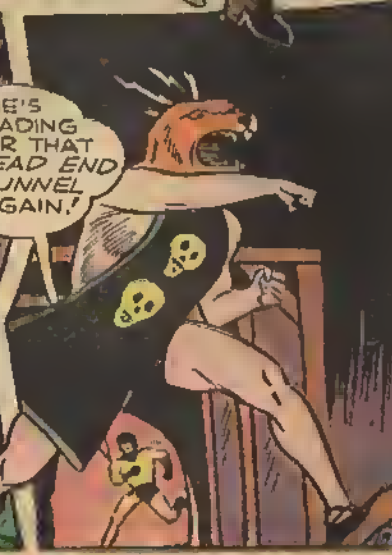
I FOUND THAT POOR DUCK THEY STABBED! HE GASPED OUT WHAT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE HE DIED!



YOU GET BACK TO CAMP BARBARA. I'M GOING AFTER THAT AZTEC!



THIS TIME I'M KEEPING CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL! AND IF HE TURNS INTO STONE AGAIN, I'LL SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



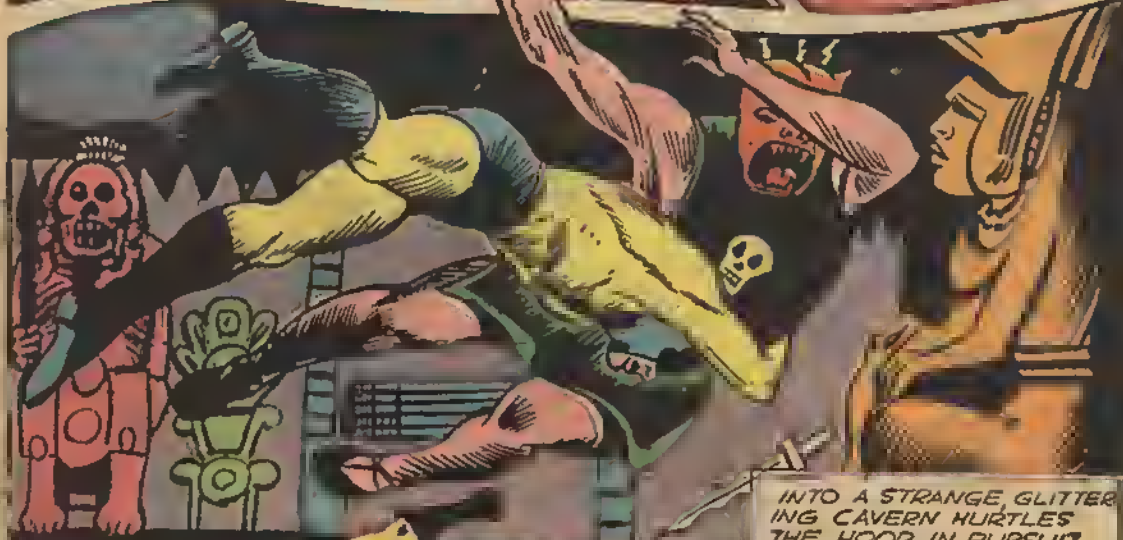
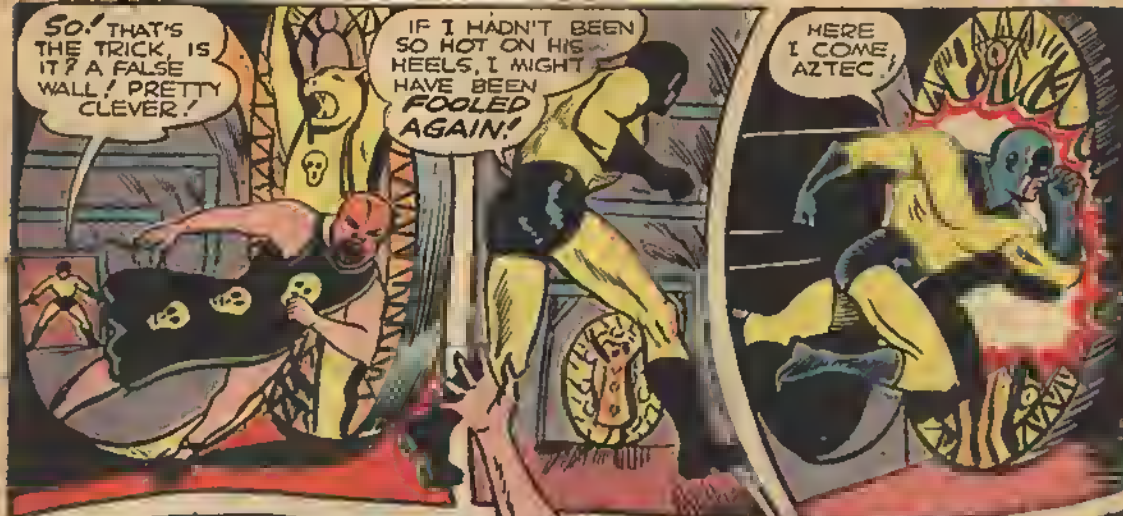
HE'S HEADING FOR THAT DEAD END TUNNEL AGAIN!



SO, THAT'S  
THE TRICK, IS  
IT? A FALSE  
WALL, PRETTY  
CLEVER!

IF I HADN'T BEEN  
SO HOT ON HIS  
HEELS, I MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN  
FOOLED  
AGAIN!

HERE  
I COME,  
AZTEC!



INTO A STRANGE, GLITTER-  
ING CAVERN HURTLES  
THE HOOD, IN PURSUIT  
OF THE AZTEC...

YOUR  
GAME'S  
UP,  
MISTER.

I'M BEGINNING  
TO SEE THE  
WHOLE SET-UP  
NOW.

THERE ARE  
ONLY TWO  
OF US WHO  
KNOW THE  
SECRET,  
HOOD.



AND ONLY ONE OF US IS GOING TO LIVE TO PROFIT BY IT!

WHEW... YOU SURE KEEP ME BUSY, DUCKING!

BUT THAT'S YOUR LAST TRY. THE SHOW IS OVER, SO FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED OFF WITH THAT HEAD-DRESS..

DRAKE!!!

SO YOU DO KNOW ME, HOOD.. THE DEVIL TAKE YOU.. I'VE STILL GOT... 00m..



YOU... YOU'VE WON, HOOD! I... I'M FINISHED.. THIS AZTEC GOLD IS ALL YOURS NOW!



I STUMBLED ONTO THIS HIDDEN GOLD. HAD TO SCARE MINING EXPEDITIONS AWAY TO KEEP OTHERS FROM DISCOVERING IT! HA, HA... HAD THEM PLENTY FOOLED TOO! ESPECIALLY, WHEN BULLETS BOUNCED OFF MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!..



LATER THE HOOD RELATES THE TALE TO BARBARA...

AND SO, DRAKE, THE CHIEF ENGINEER IS DEAD.. A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GREED!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, I COME OUT HERE FOR A STORY/GET A SCOOP.. AND CAN'T PRINT IT! MY EDITOR WOULD FIRE ME, FOR HAVING NIGHTMARES WHILE ON THE JOB!

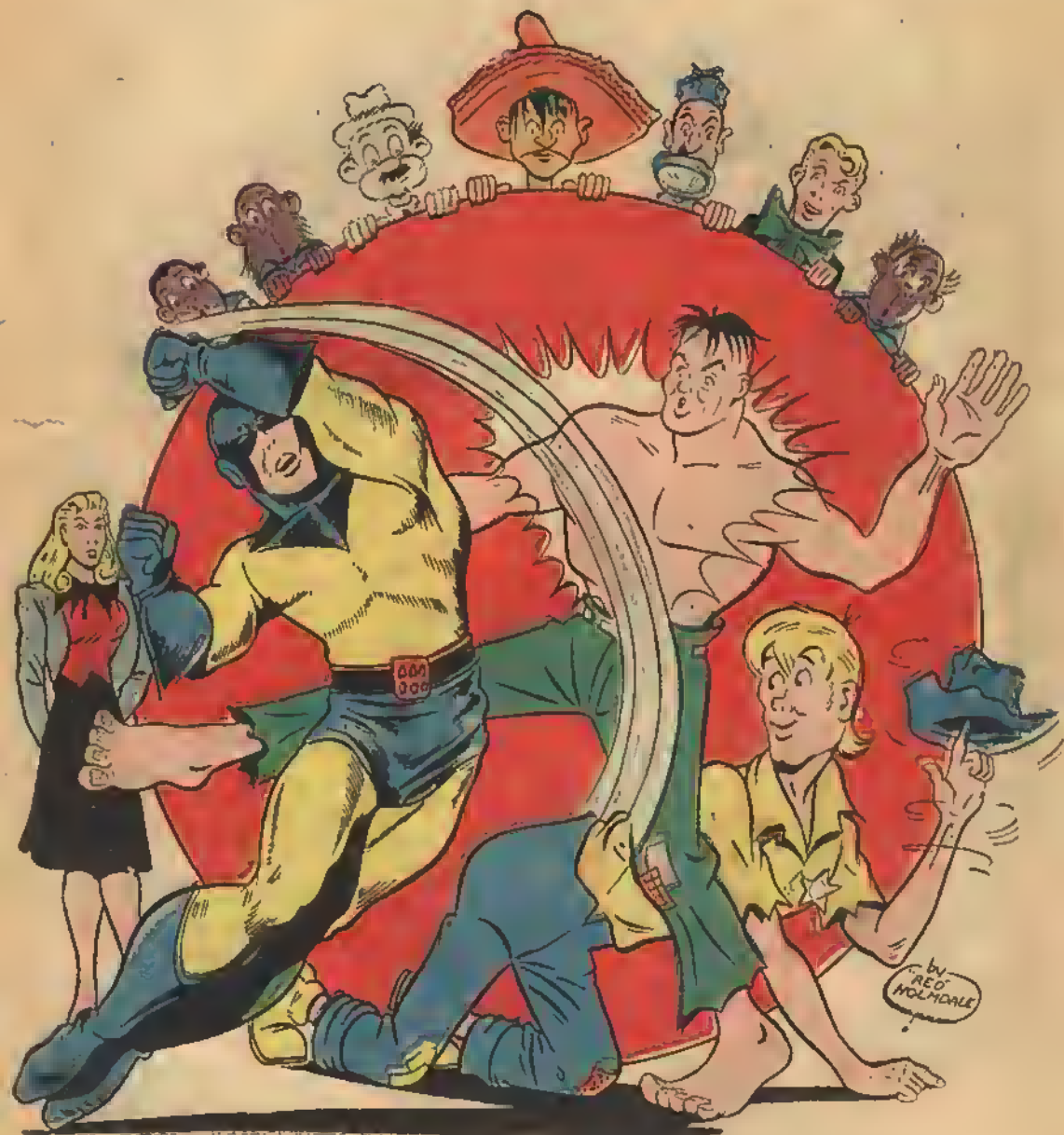


THE BLACK HOOD APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS...



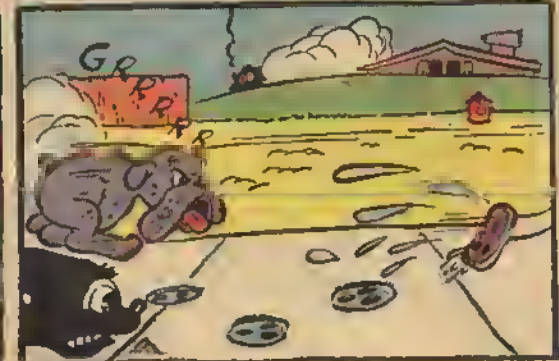
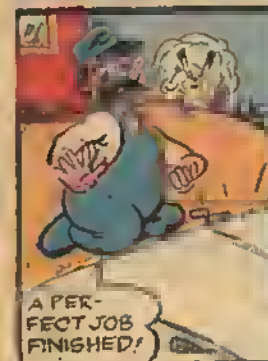
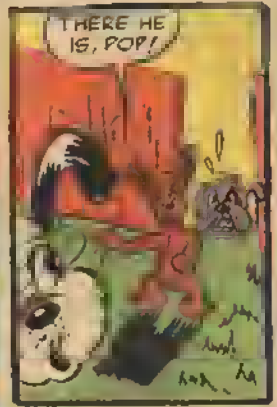
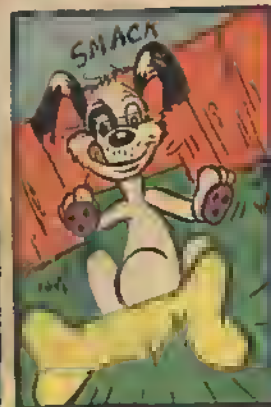
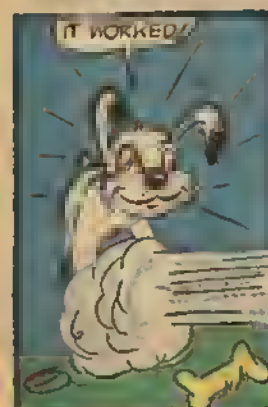
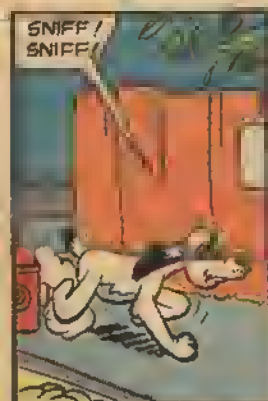
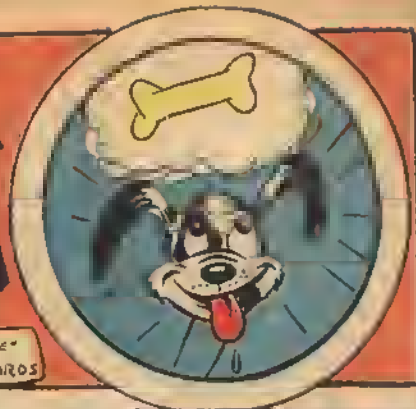
**"THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,  
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE,  
BUT THE SMILES THAT FILL YOUR HEART WITH  
GLADNESS,  
ARE THE SMILES TOP NOTCH LAUGHS BRINGS  
TO YOU!"**

**THE MARCH ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS  
IS ON SALE NOW!**

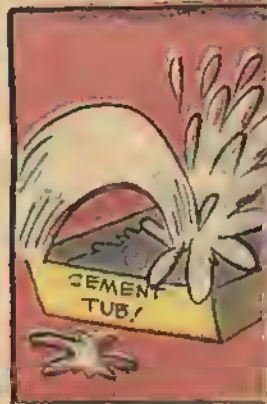
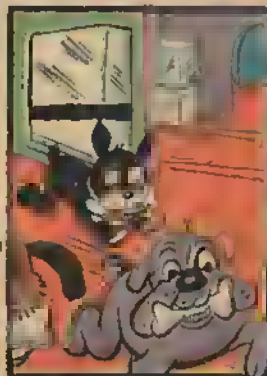
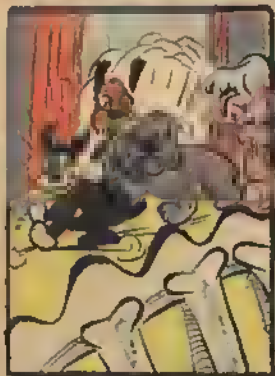
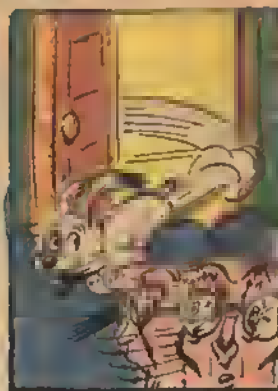
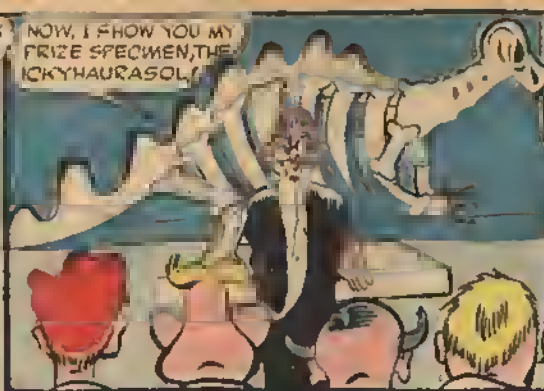


# IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

BY "DOGSOME"  
VAG EDWARDS







# SERGEANT BOYLE

AT A FRENCH NORTH AFRICAN PORT SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP WATCH THE ARRIVAL OF A U.S. TROOPSHIP

BOY! JUST LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT TRANSPORT, SARGE!

YEP! THEY'VE BEEN COMING IN PRETTY REGULAR EVER SINCE THE SECOND FRONT OPENED!



ALL THE SAME, THERE'S TOO MUCH NAZI GUBB activity IN THESE WATERS EVEN YET!

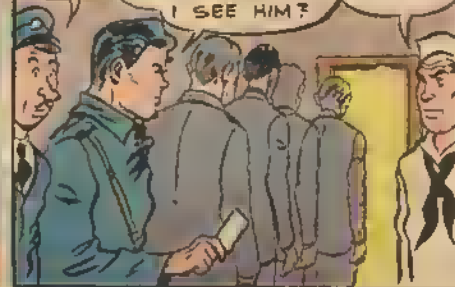
WELL, LET'S GO ABOARD AND SEE THE CAPTAIN. WONDER WHAT HE WANTS TO SEE US ABOUT?



GOSH! LOOK AT THAT LINE!

SAY, SEAMAN, YOUR CAPTAIN SENT FOR ME! MY NAME IS BOYLE! WHEN CAN I SEE HIM?

YOU GOT A PASS? WAIT HERE A MINUTE!



OKAY! THE CAPTAIN WILL SEE YOU! GO RIGHT IN!

THANKS, PAL!

GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T MAKE US WAIT ANY LONGER! I WAS GETTIN' SORE!



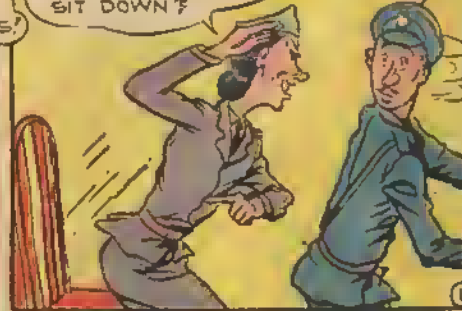
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'? YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

WHO SAYS I CAN'T GO IN? YOU IDIOT! LOOK AT MY STRIPES! I'LL HAVE YOU COURT MAR - TIALED!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE A VICE-ADMIRAL! UNLESS YOU GOT A PASS YOU WAIT IN LINE WITH THE REST!

THAT BIG GOOF! \*!?!\* JUST LIKE A SAILOR! NO RESPECT FOR HIS SUPERIORS! MUMBLE MUMBLE

OOH... YOU'RE A CAPTAIN, AREN'T YOU? I CAN TELL BY YOUR BARS! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?



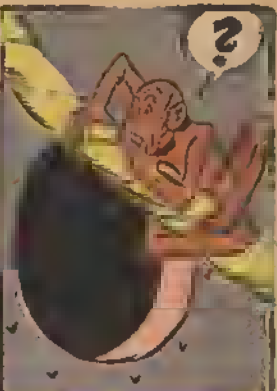


I'M SECOND LIEUTENANT GISH, AND I JUST CAME OVER! ISN'T IT THRILLING? TAKE MY SEAT, CAPTAIN!

SHUCKS, WOULDN'T I THINK OF IT, MISS... I MEAN, MADAM?... PLEASE BE SEATED, SIR! ER...M'AM...ER, LIEUTENANT!

OR, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF SITTING DOWN WHEN A CAPTAIN IS STANDING! YOU MUST SIT DOWN!

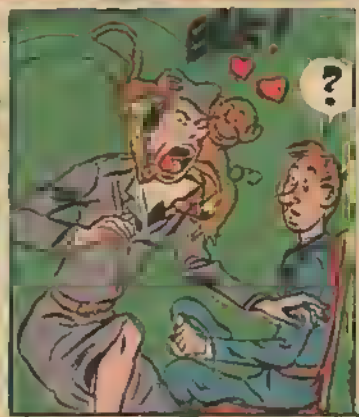
CUT IT OUT! PEOPLE ARE LOOKING!



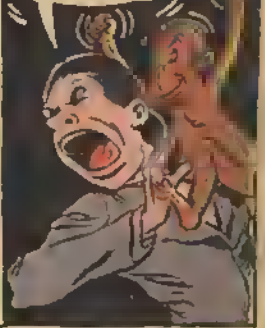
OF ALL THE EMBARRASSING STUFFS...

THERE, THAT'S MUCH BETTER, ISN'T IT?

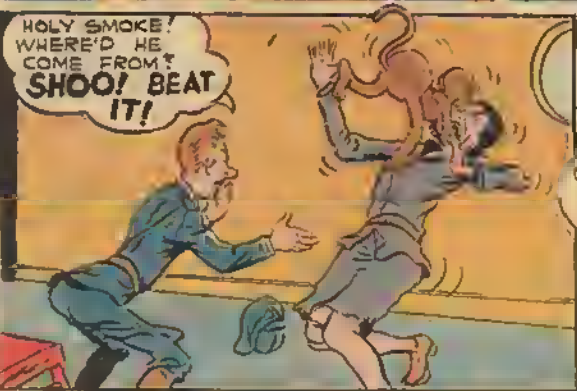
YEAH, HEH, HEH! SURE!



HALP! GET IT OFF ME!



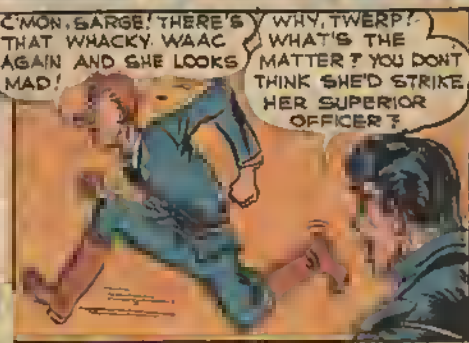
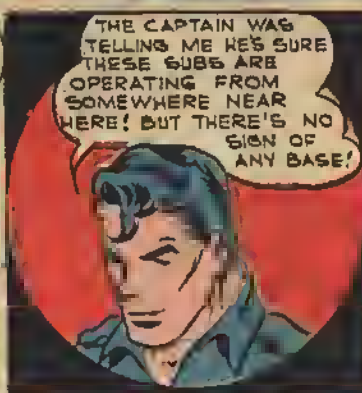
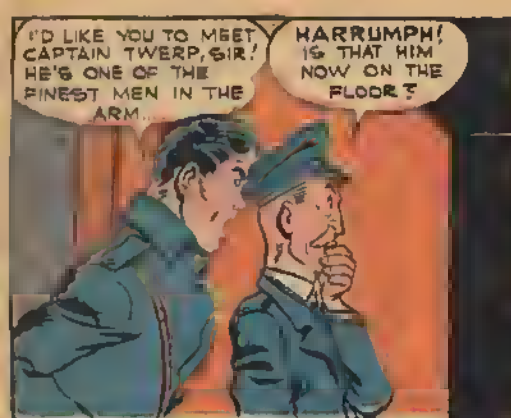
HOLY SMOKE! WHERE'D HE COME FROM? SHOO! BEAT IT!



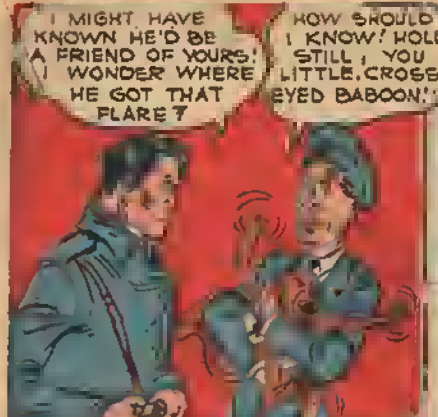
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DON'T WASTE IT! I'LL SAVE YOU!









I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE'D BE A FRIEND OF YOURS! WONDER WHERE HE GOT THAT FLARE?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW! HOLD STILL, YOU LITTLE, CROSS-EYED BABOON!

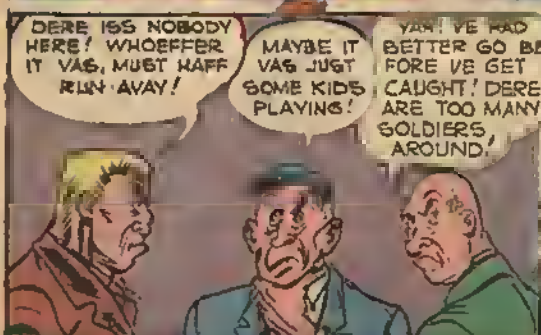


HEY, I HEAR VOICES! SOMEONE'S COMING! INTO THOSE BUSHES! QUICK!



BUT DOT FLARE WAS ONE OF OURS! HOW COULD IT GO OFF?

ALLRIGHT! WHO SENT UP DOT FLARE? SPEAK, QUICK!



DERE ISS NOBODY HERE! WHOEFFER IT WAS, MUST HAF RLY AWAY!

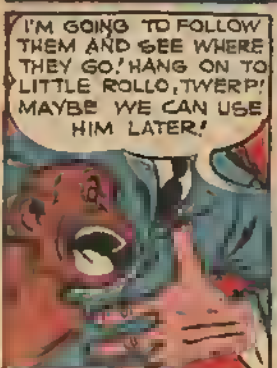
MAYBE IT WAS JUST SOME KIDS PLAYING!

YAW! VE HAD BETTER GO BEFORE VE GET CAUGHT! DERE ARE TOO MANY SOLDIERS AROUND!

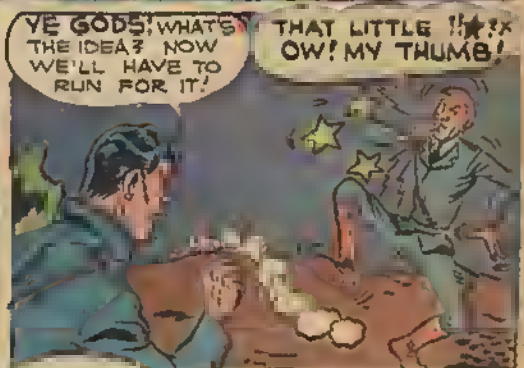


THEY'RE GOIN! GEE, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, SARGE? I DON'T GET IT!

NEITHER DO I, BUT IT SOUNDS MIGHTY SHADY, WHATEVER IT IS!

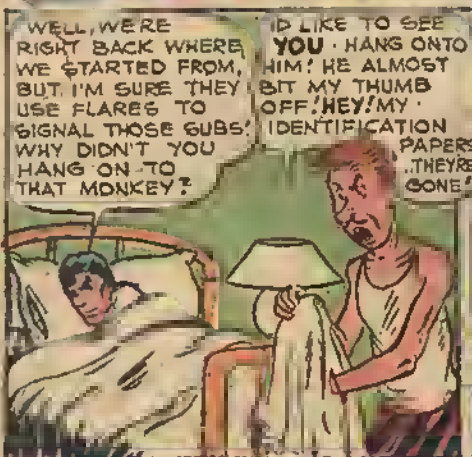


I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHERE THEY GO! HANG ON TO LITTLE ROLLO, TWERP! MAYBE WE CAN USE HIM LATER!



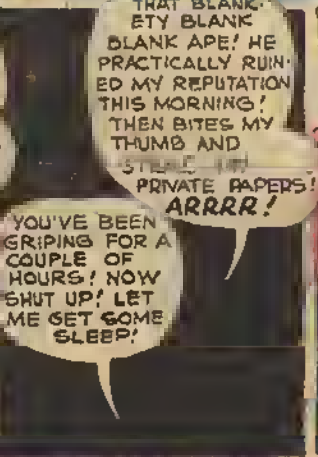
VE GODS! WHAT'S THE IDEA? NOW WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

THAT LITTLE !!!\*X OW! MY THUMB!



WELL, WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM, BUT I'M SURE THEY USE FLARES TO SIGNAL THOSE GUBS! WHY DIDN'T YOU HANG ON TO THAT MONKEY?

ID LIKE TO SEE YOU HANG ONTO HIM! HE ALMOST BIT MY THUMB OFF! HEY! MY IDENTIFICATION PAPERS... THEY'RE GONE!



THAT BLANK, EY BLANK BLANK APE! HE PRACTICALLY RUINED MY REPUTATION THIS MORNING! THEN BITES MY THUMB AND STILL... PRIVATE PAPERS! ARRRR!

YOU'VE BEEN GRIPING FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS! NOW SHUT UP! LET ME GET SOME SLEEP!



IN THE MORNING...

SO LONG, KID! HOPE YOU CATCH HIM! SEE YOU LATER!

DON'T WORRY! I WILL!

TWERP COMBS THE TOWN FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!



HA! THERE'S THE LITTLE FLEA BIT-TEN CROOK NOW!

GOTCHA! HEY, COME BACK HERE!



SAV! YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO SEE A MONKEY, DID YOU?

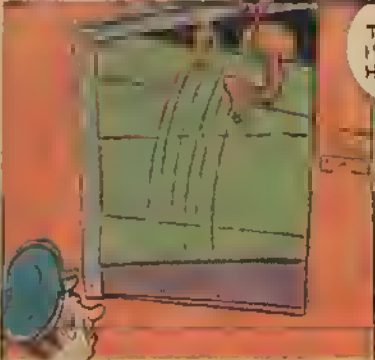
OWN! SO HE BELONGS TO YOU, HAH?



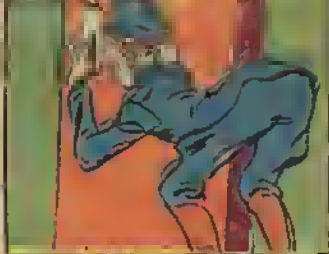
HE BROKE MY CART AND STOLE MY FRUIT, I'LL SUE YOU!

GOSH! EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

HEH! GOT YOU CORNERED, AIN'T IT? C'MERE, OR I'LL PUSH YOUR FACE RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!



I CAN'T SEE A THING INSIDE, BUT I'LL GET HIM IF I HAVE TO TEAR THE PLACE APART!



WELL? GOLLY! WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT PUSS BE FORE?

HOLY SMOKE! HE'S ONE OF THOSE SPIES WE SAW LAST NIGHT!

ER... I T-THOUGHT I SAW MY MOTHER-IN-LAW GO IN HERE, B-BUT I MUSTA BEEN MISTAKEN!

WOW! THAT EMPTY CHURCH MUST BE THEIR HIDEOUT!

I GOTTA GET BOYLE RIGHT AWAY!

AND THAT MONKEY LED ME RIGHT TO THEIR. HANG-OUT! HURRY, SARGE!





THAT EVE...



O.K. SARGE  
THE COAST  
IS CLEAR!

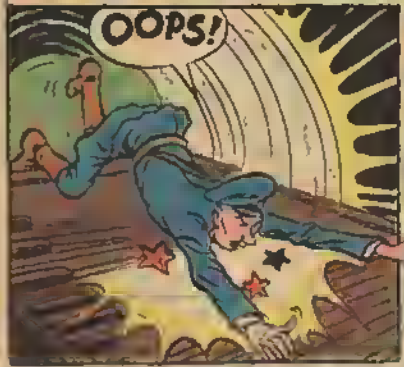
WAKE UP,  
TWERP!  
I'M IN  
ALREADY!



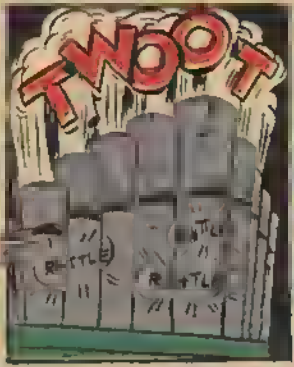
QUIET NOW.  
HMM... IT LOOKS VERY  
PEACEFUL! YOU GURE  
ABOUT THIS?



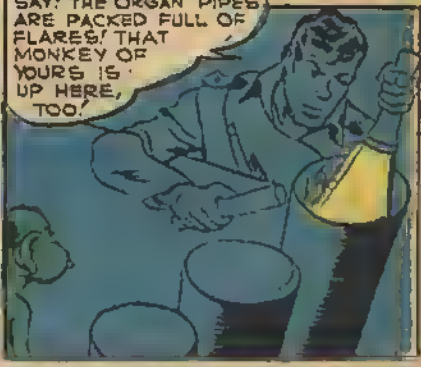
SURE I'M GURE!  
I'LL TAKE A LOOK  
OVER H...



OOPS!



TWOOT



SAY! THE ORGAN PIPES  
ARE PACKED FULL OF  
FLARES! THAT  
MONKEY OF  
YOURS IS  
UP HERE,  
TOO!



PST, BOYLE  
I HEARD VOICES!  
AN' THERE'S A  
TRAP DOOR

OKAY! I'LL  
BE RIGHT  
DOWN! DUCK  
OUT OF  
SIGHT!



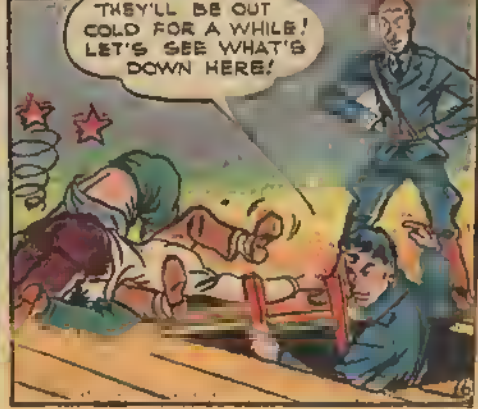
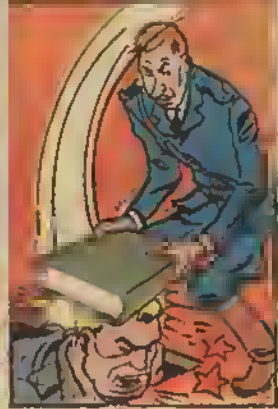
WHO MADE  
DOT NOISE?  
WHO ISS  
IT?



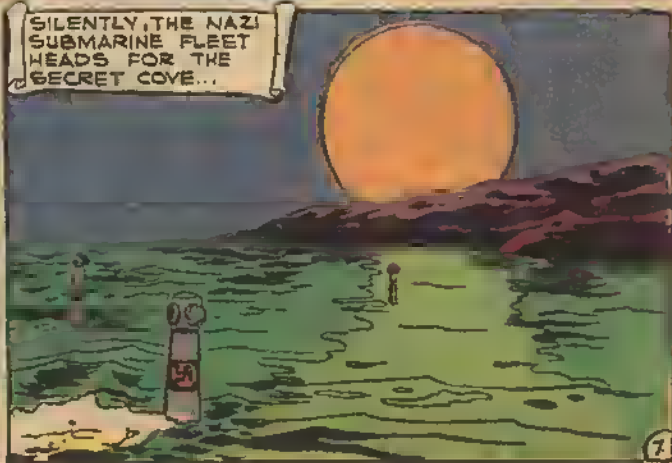
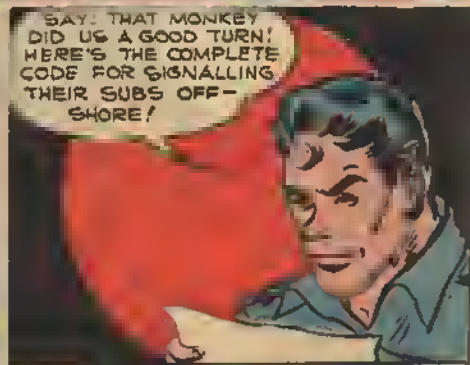
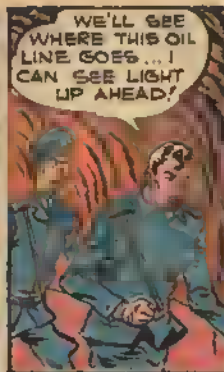
MICE!



YOT'S GOING ON  
HANG? ACH DU  
LIEBER!



THEY'LL BE OUT  
COLD FOR A WHILE!  
LET'S SEE WHAT'S  
DOWN HERE!

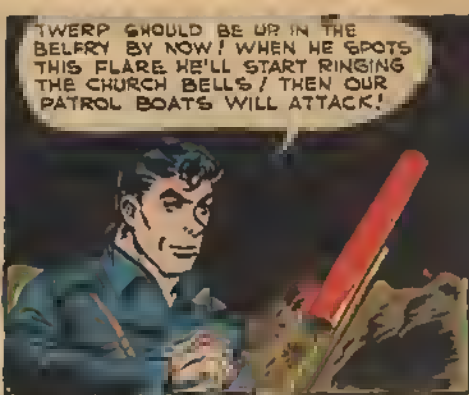




THEY'RE STARTING  
TO REFUEL NOW!  
I GUESS THAT'S  
THE WHOLE  
PACK!



TWERP SHOULD BE UP IN THE  
BELFRY BY NOW! WHEN HE SPOTS  
THIS FLARE HE'LL START RINGING  
THE CHURCH BELLS! THEN OUR  
PATROL BOATS WILL ATTACK!



ACH!  
ANNOHER  
LIGHT! VOT  
ISS?

?

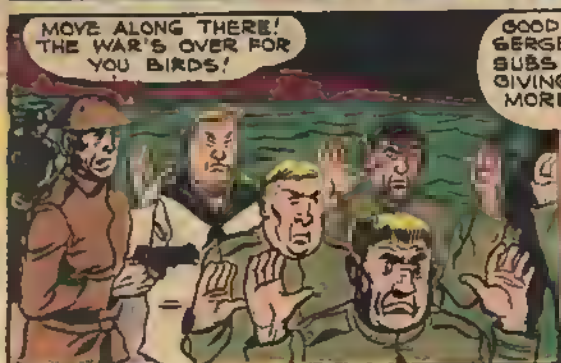


OK, HEINIES!  
YOU'RE SURROUNDED!  
NO FALSE  
MOVES!

HIMMEL! IT'S  
A TRICK. WE  
ARE TRAPPED!



MOVE ALONG THERE!  
THE WAR'S OVER FOR  
YOU BIRDS!



GOOD WORK,  
SERGEANT! THOSE  
SUBS WON'T BE  
GIVING US ANY-  
MORE TROUBLE!

THANK YOU,  
SIR!

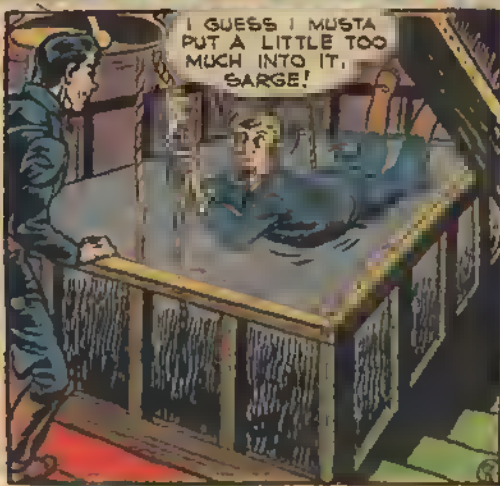
HELP  
HELP  
HELP



THAT'S TWERP'S  
VOICE! HE MUST  
BE IN TROUBLE!



I GUESS I MUSTA  
PUT A LITTLE TOO  
MUCH INTO IT,  
SARGE!



DON'T MISS  
SERGEANT  
BOYLE'S  
RIP-ROARING,  
GLAM-BANG  
ADVENTURE  
IN THIS  
MONTH'S ISSUE  
OF **PEP**  
COMICS  
ON YOUR  
NEWSSTAND  
**NOW!**

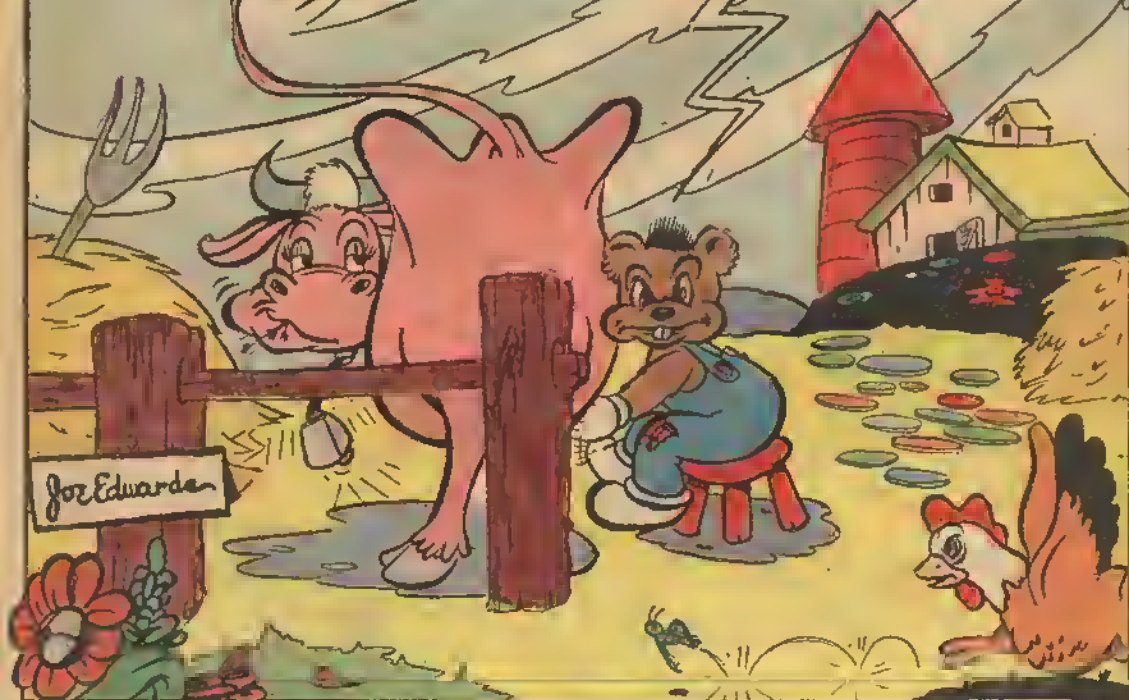


# CUBBY

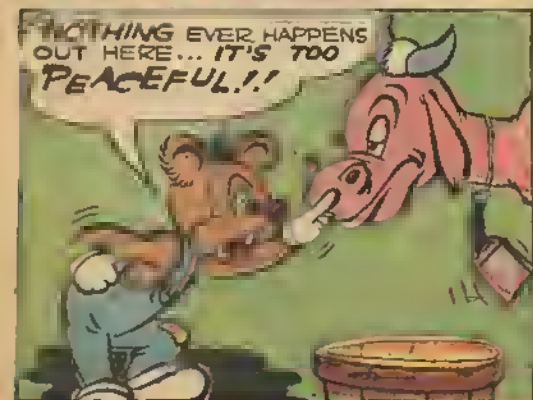
*the*

# BEAR

MILK THE COW,  
FEED THE CHICKENS,  
COLLECT THE EGGS,  
AH, FOEY WITH  
THIS COUNTRY  
LIFE!!



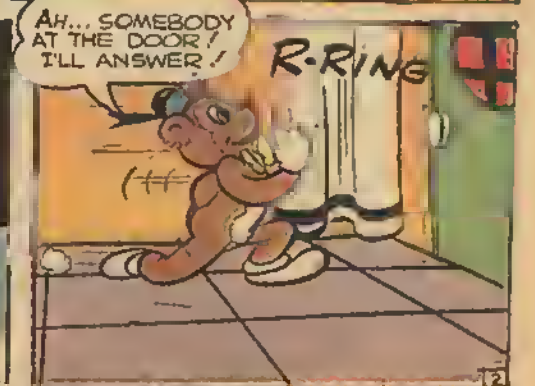
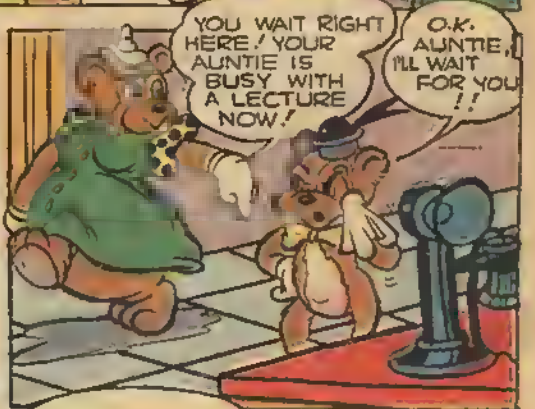
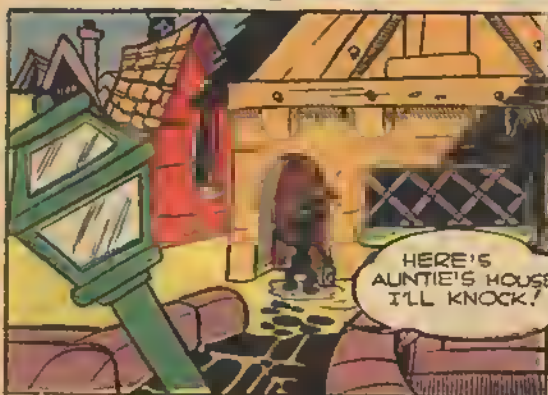
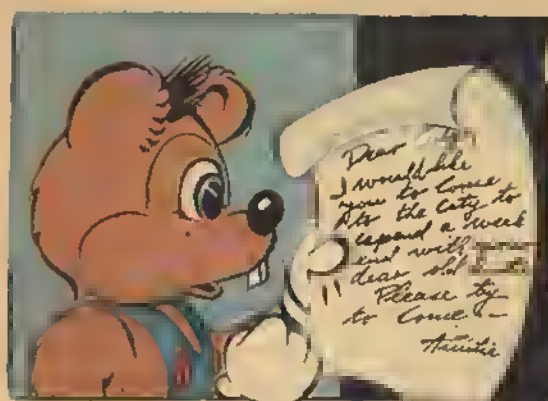
NOTHING EVER HAPPENS  
OUT HERE... IT'S TOO  
PEACEFUL!!

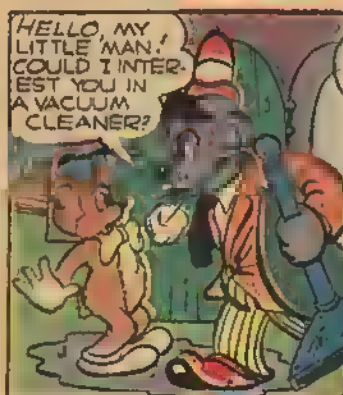


THE MAILMAN JUST  
CAME BY! OH BOY!  
I HOPE THERE'S  
MAIL FOR ME!

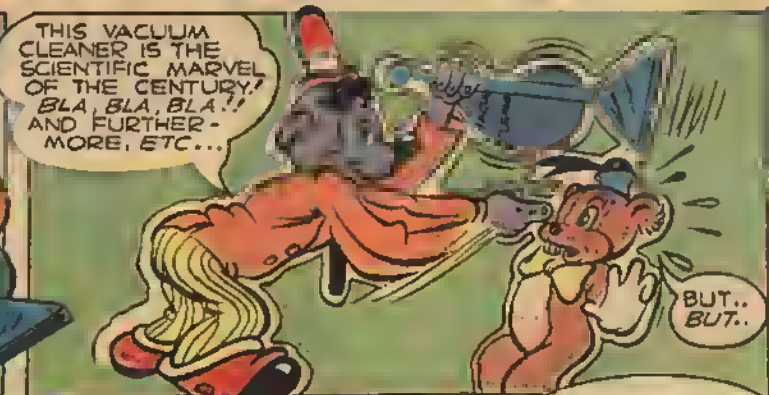






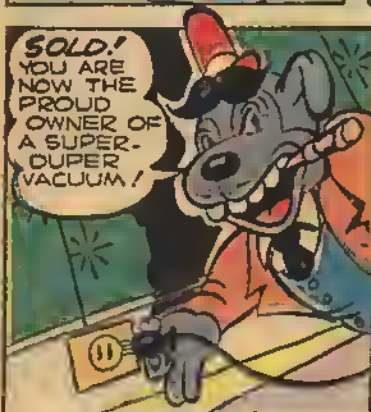


HELLO, MY LITTLE MAN! COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A VACUUM CLEANER?



THIS VACUUM CLEANER IS THE SCIENTIFIC MARVEL OF THE CENTURY! BLA, BLA, BLA... AND FURTHER-MORE, ETC...

BUT.. BUT..



**SOLD!**  
YOU ARE NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF A SUPER-DUPER VACUUM!

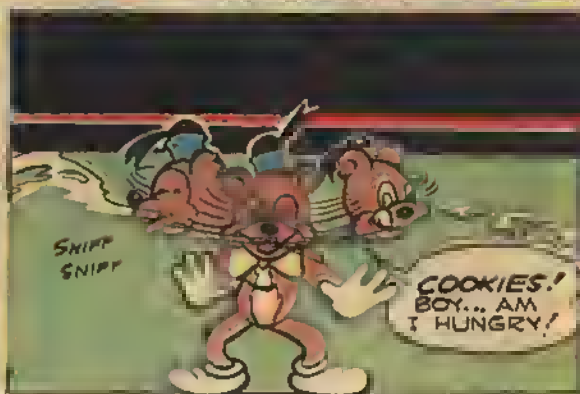


BUT!..

YOU HAVE MADE A WISE CHOICE! SO LONG! I'LL BE AROUND FOR THE FIRST PAYMENT NEXT WEEK..!

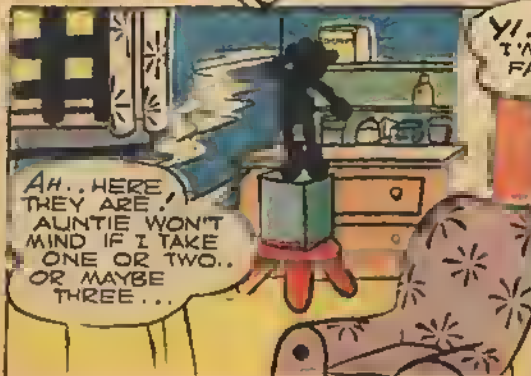


SLAM



SNIFF  
SNIFF

COOKIES!  
BOY... AM I HUNGRY!

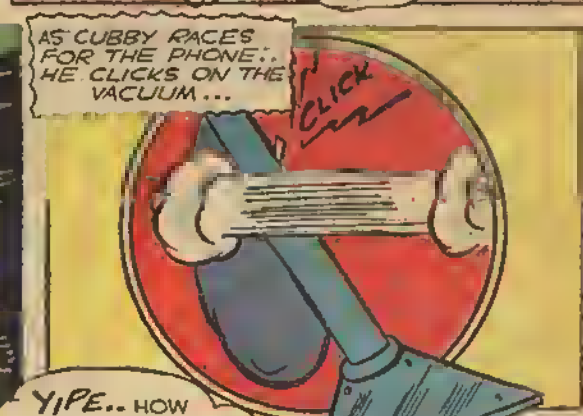
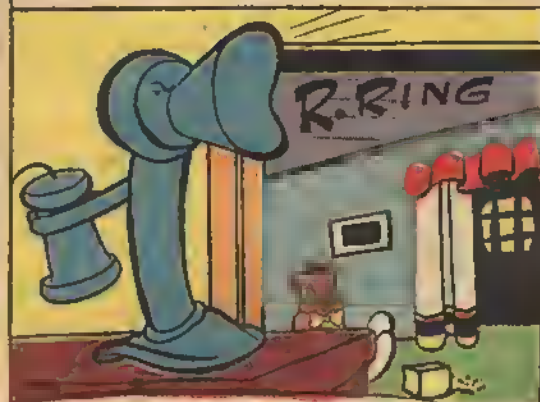


AH.. HERE, THEY ARE! AUNTIE WON'T MIND IF I TAKE ONE OR TWO.. OR MAYBE THREE...



YI...  
I'M FALLING!!





MEANWHILE IN THE KITCHEN,  
WE OUN THE MAID AND  
THE BUTLER..

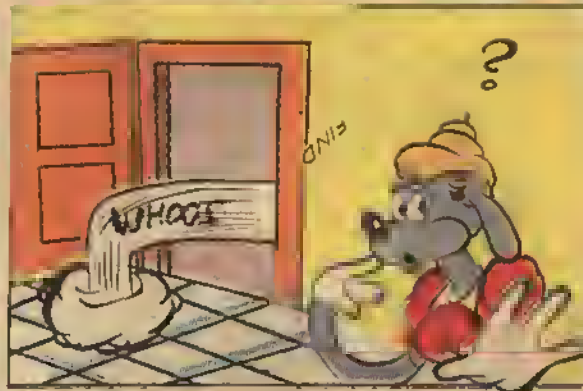
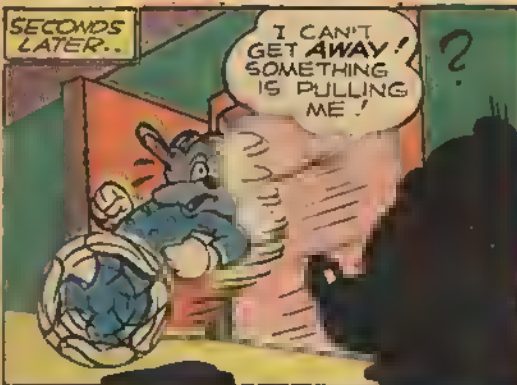


DON'T BE AWAY FROM  
POOR ITTY BITTY  
ME TOO  
LONG!

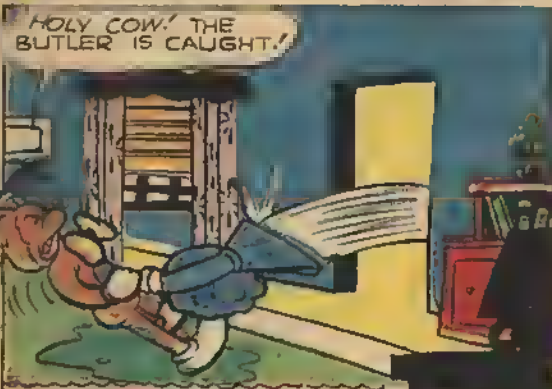
LITTLE  
SNOOKUMS  
WILL BE RIGHT  
BACK!



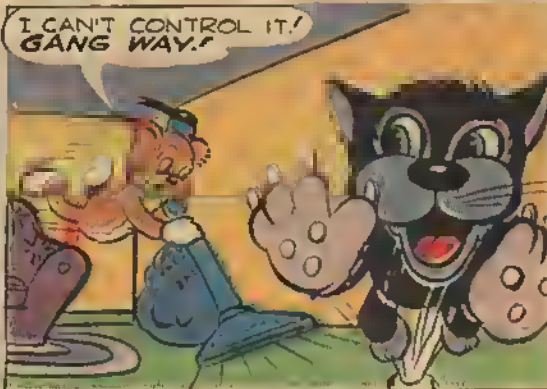
SECONDS  
LATER..



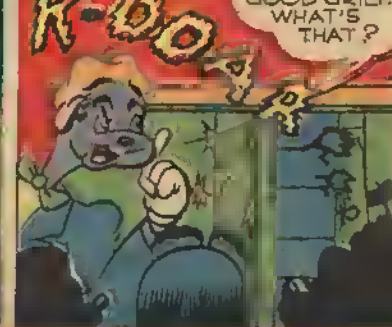
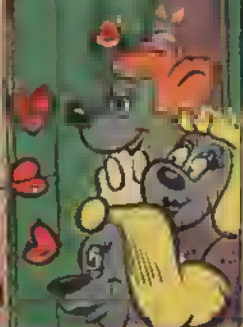
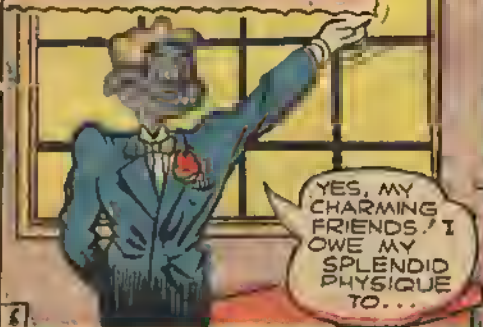
HOLY COW! THE  
BUTLER IS CAUGHT!



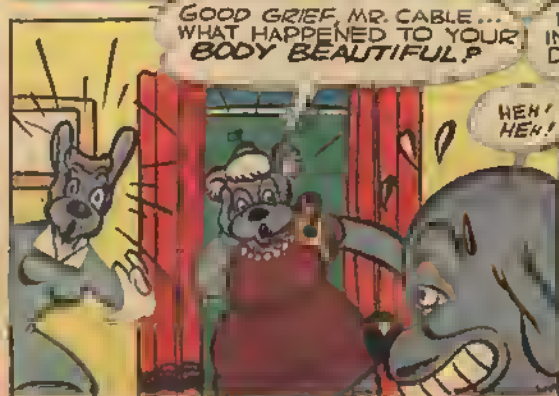
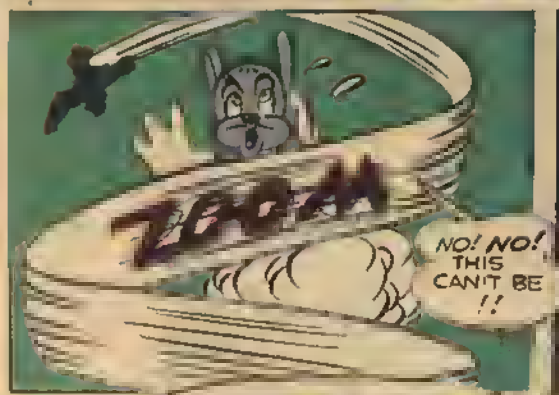
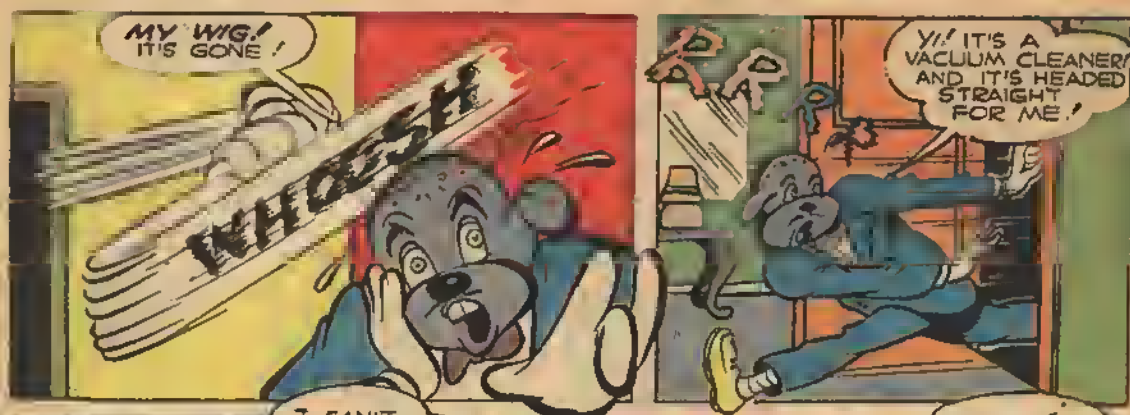
I CAN'T CONTROL IT!  
GANG WAY!

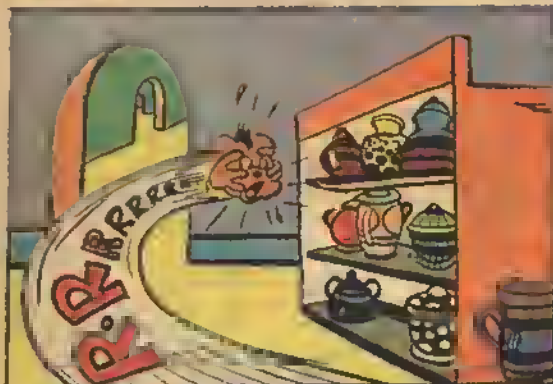


..AND IN THE PARLOR  
WHERE AUNTIE'S LECTURE  
IS UNDER WAY...








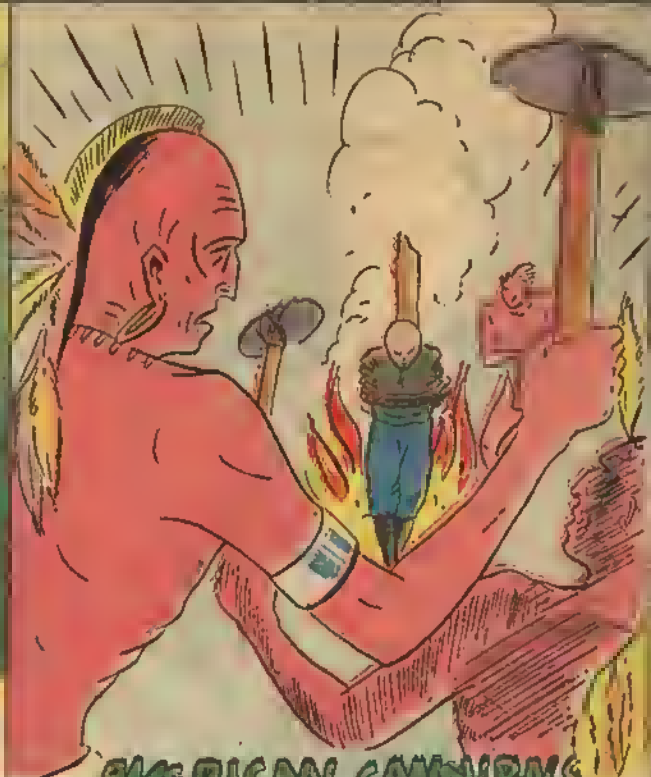




# WORLD WONDERS



**THE GYMNOTUS - A  
STRANGE SOUTH  
AMERICAN RIVER  
FISH - GIVES OFF A  
PARALYZING ELECTRIC  
SHOCK!**




## AMERICAN CANNIBALS

**AT THE TIME COLUMBUS DISCOVERED  
AMERICA MOST AMERICAN  
INDIANS WERE CANNIBALS!**

## EXPERTS IN EXILE

**I**N ORDER TO GUARD  
THEIR VALUABLE  
TRADE SECRETS,  
GLASS MAKERS OF  
OLD VENICE WERE  
EXILED TO THE  
ISLAND OF MURANO  
WHERE THEY  
WERE CARED FOR  
AND TREATED  
LIKE KINGS.



**WHEN THE ESKIMO NO LONGER  
NEEDS HIS WALRUS SKIN SLED  
HE FEEDS IT TO HIS  
DOGS!**





# MR. JUSTICE

DA 3¢

FEUD BETWEEN ROSS AND TRENT STILL RAGING!

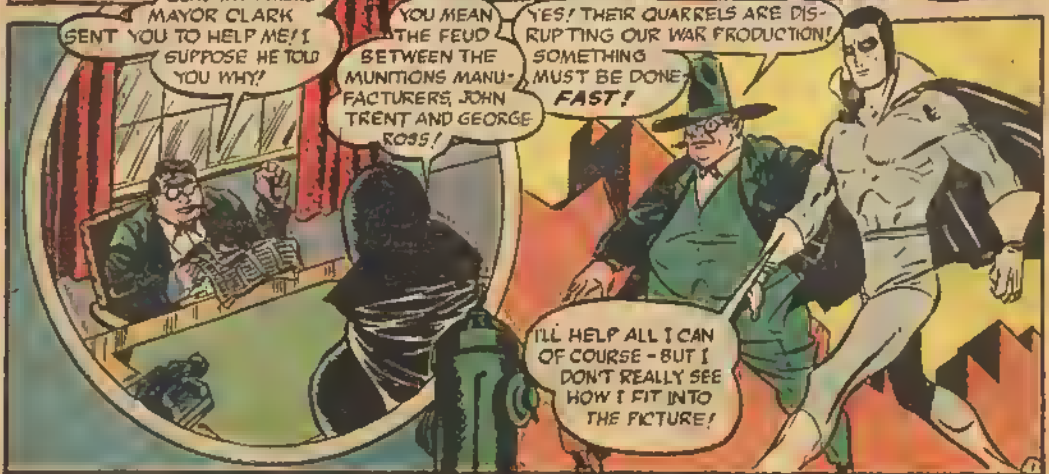
SEW HATE AND REAP SORROW! FROM YESTERDAY! UNTIL TOMORROW! BLOOD AND LOVE ONCE THEY BE MIXED! DREADFUL OATHS THEY COME UNFIXED!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF COSMOPOLIS!

MR. JUSTICE I'M GLAD MY FRIEND MAYOR CLARK SENT YOU TO HELP ME! I SUPPOSE HE TOLD YOU WHY?

YOU MEAN THE FEUD BETWEEN THE MUNITIONS MANUFACTURERS JOHN TRENT AND GEORGE ROSS!

YES! THEIR QUARRELS ARE DISRUPTING OUR WAR PRODUCTION! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE FAST!



I'LL HELP ALL I CAN OF COURSE - BUT I DON'T REALLY SEE HOW I FIT INTO THE PICTURE!





IM NOT SURE MYSELF, BUT YOU'VE HELPED MAYOR CLARK SO OFTEN IN THE PAST AND-- OH! TELL MR. TRENT I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM!

CERTAINLY, YOUR HONOR! COME IN PLEASE!

HELLO, MR. MAYOR! THIS CERTAINLY IS A SURPRISE!

HELLO, TRENT! YOU'VE HEARD OF MR. JUSTICE OF COURSE!



TRENT, WHY IN THE NAME OF REASON DO YOU AND ROSS PERSIST IN THIS RUINOUS QUARREL! YOU'VE NEVER HAD ANY BUSINESS FRICTION YOU HARDLY EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER!



I DON'T KNOW MYSELF! I ONLY KNOW I CAN'T STOP HATING HIM! IT SEEMS LIKE I'VE HATED HIM FOR CENTURIES!



SUDDENLY, THE CLOCK CHIMES 12 AND A TRANSFORMATION OCCURS--



GOOD LORD! HE'S IN A TRANCE! I'D BETTER STOP HIM!

NO, MR. MAYOR! LET HIM GO! I HAVE A FEELING THAT I'LL FIT IN THE PICTURE AFTER ALL!



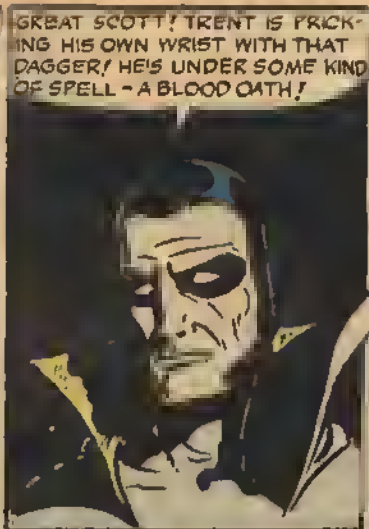
TRENT ENTERS THE TROPHY ROOM--



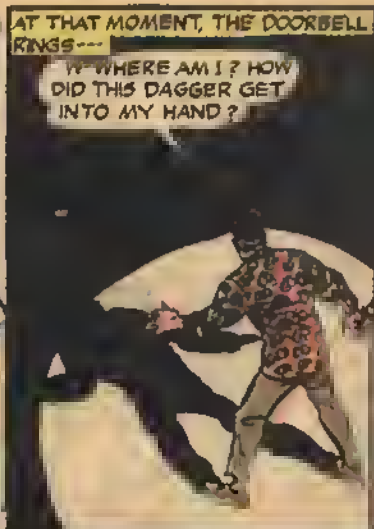
THE DAGGER! I MUST CARRY ON THE VOW OF VENGEANCE!



BLOOD OF MY ANCESTORS! I SWEAR ETERNAL VENGEANCE AGAINST THEE, VILE HOUSE OF ROSSI!



GREAT SCOTT! TRENT IS PRICKING HIS OWN WRIST WITH THAT DAGGER! HE'S UNDER SOME KIND OF SPELL - A BLOOD OATH!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOORBELL RINGS---

W-WHERE AM I? HOW DID THIS DAGGER GET INTO MY HAND?



GOOD LORD, TRENT, I DON'T KNOW, MR. JUSTICE! WHILE THAT STRANGE FORCE POSSESSES ME, I AM POWERLESS AGAINST IT!

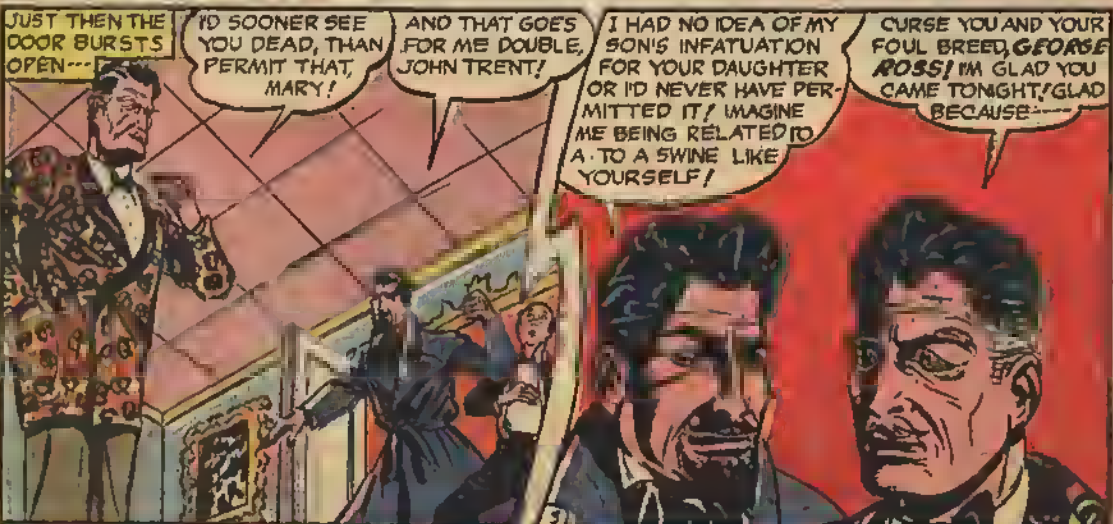


THAT'S MY DAUGHTER, GENTLE MEN! I BEG OF YOU SAY NOTHING TO HER ABOUT THIS!



FATHER-- YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT MARK ROSS! WE'VE MADE UP OUR MINDS! WE LOVE EACH OTHER-- AND WE WANT TO BE MARRIED!

WHAT! MY DAUGHTER MARRY INTO THE FOUL FAMILY!



JUST THEN THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN---

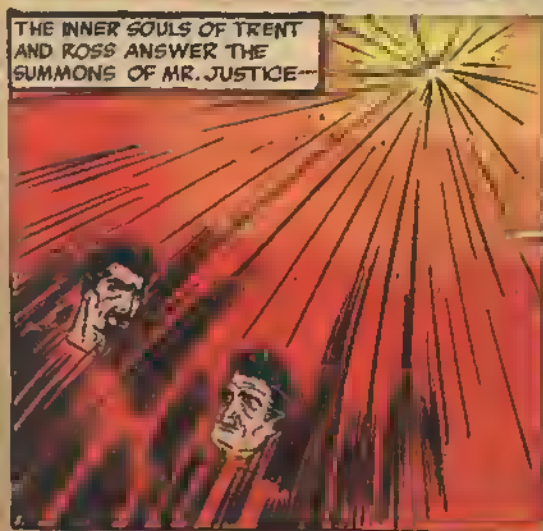
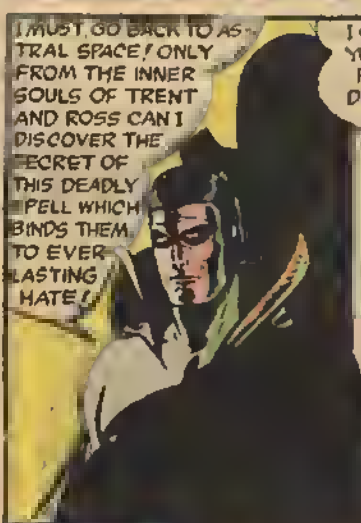
WOULD SOONER SEE YOU DEAD, THAN PERMIT THAT, MARY!

AND THAT GOES FOR ME DOUBLE, JOHN TRENT!

I HAD NO IDEA OF MY SON'S INFATUATION FOR YOUR DAUGHTER OR I'D NEVER HAVE PERMITTED IT! IMAGINE ME BEING RELATED TO A TO A SWINE LIKE YOURSELF!

CURSE YOU AND YOUR FOUL BREED, GEORGE ROSS! I'M GLAD YOU CAME TONIGHT! GLAD BECAUSE---





THE SPIRITS SPEAK---

GO BACK, BACK THRU THE CENTURIES!  
THERE IN ANCIENT ITALY WILL YOU  
FIND THE CASTLES OF TRENTINO  
AND ROSSI!



NEVER HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE VENDETTA BEEN SEEN!  
EACH FAMILY HAD SWORN A BLOOD OATH TO WIPE OUT  
THE OTHER!



THEIR HATE OFTEN FLARED INTO  
PIERCE PITCHED BATTLES---



AFTER THE BATTLE---

SOME DAY I WILL BURY MY  
DAGGER IN THE HEART OF  
THAT DOG ROSSI!



OH, FATHER, I LOVE  
MARCO ROSSI! I  
SHALL NEVER BE  
HAPPY TILL WE  
ARE MARRIED!

WHAT? MY  
DAUGHTER MARRY  
A ROSSI? NEVER!  
I WOULD SOON-  
ER SEE YOU  
DEAD!



ALAS, THERE IS NO HOPE  
FOR ME! I AM DOOMED  
TO SPEND MY DAYS IN  
SADNESS!



I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH  
WAY THEN, SPIRITS!  
BACK TO YOUR  
HIDDEN  
WORLD!



MR. JUSTICE SETS OFF FOR THE  
PAST, SPEEDING BACK ALONG THE  
ROAD OF TIME!



NOW TO KNOW  
THE KEY TO  
THIS MYSTERY



MEANWHILE A SECRET MEETING IN THE TRENTINO GARDEN...

MARCO, DEAR,  
MY FATHER WILL  
NEVER PERMIT  
OUR MARRIAGE!

MY FATHER, TOO, IS  
BLIND BY HATE!

IF WE CANNOT LIVE TO-  
GETHER, THEN LET US DIE  
TOGETHER! HERE IS MY  
DAGGER, MARCO! PLUNGE  
IT INTO MY HEART AND  
THEN INTO THINE OWN!  
LET IT UNITE US IN THE  
BONDS OF DEATH!

WAIT! YOU MUST  
NOT GIVE UP HOPE!  
HATE MUST BE  
FOUGHT WITH LOVE,  
NOT WITH DEATH!

YOU HAVE A SCRATCH ON  
YOUR WRIST, MARIA, AND  
THAT DROP OF BLOOD IS  
AN OMEN!

COME, MARCO, I WILL PRICK YOUR  
WRIST! IT TOO MUST BLEED!  
NOW PLACE YOUR WRIST AGAINST  
MARIAS! THE BLOOD MUST  
MINGLE!

BY THIS BOND OF  
BLOOD BE JOINED!  
ALL EVIL SPELLS ARE  
THUS O'RETURNED!

THERE! THE MINGLING OF THE  
ROSSI AND TRENTINO BLOOD  
IS ENOUGH TO BREAK THE UN-  
HOLY CURSE THE ORI-  
GINAL FAMILIES  
VOWED AGAINST  
EACH OTHER!

NOW TO HUR-  
RY BACK TO  
MODERN  
TIMES!

IN THE HOSPITAL ---

ONLY A BLOOD  
TRANSFUSION  
CAN SAVE HER

WE'VE TESTED MARK'S BLOOD  
DOCTOR! IT'S THE RIGHT  
TYPE!

PREPARE FOR  
THE TRANSFUSION  
AT ONCE!

ONCE AGAIN  
THEIR BLOOD  
UNITES! THUS BLACK  
SPIRITS LOSE THEIR  
MIGHT!

AND, NO  
MATTER HOW  
DEEP MARK'S  
BLOOD COURSE  
INTO MARY'S  
VEINS, THEN A  
STRANGE TRANS-  
FORMATION  
COMES OVER  
TRENT AND  
ROSS, AND--

WE'VE BEEN VERY FOOLISH,  
TRENT! I PRAY THAT YOUR  
DAUGHTER WILL LIVE!

OPERATING  
ROOM

THANK YOU, ROSS!  
SOMEHOW I DON'T  
HATE YOU ANY  
MORE!

I HAVE GOOD  
NEWS FOR YOU,  
MR. TRENT! YOUR  
DAUGHTER WILL  
RECOVER! IT WAS  
MARK'S BLOOD  
THAT SAVED  
HER!

SHE'LL LIVE--DID  
YOU HEAR THAT,  
ROSS! YOUR SON  
DID IT! OH, THANK  
GOD!

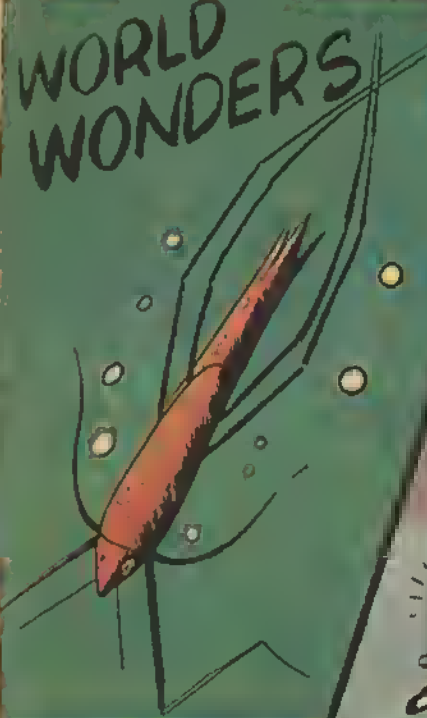
SOME WEEKS LATER---

AND NOW, I PRONOUNCE  
YOU MAN AND WIFE--

"THERE ARE MORE  
THINGS ON HEAVEN  
AND EARTH THAN  
ARE DREAMT OF IN  
OUR PHILOSOPHY."  
SHAKESPEARE SAID  
IT 300 YEARS AGO,  
AND IT WILL BE  
TRUE AS LONG AS  
MORTALS INHABIT  
THE EARTH!



# WORLD WONDERS



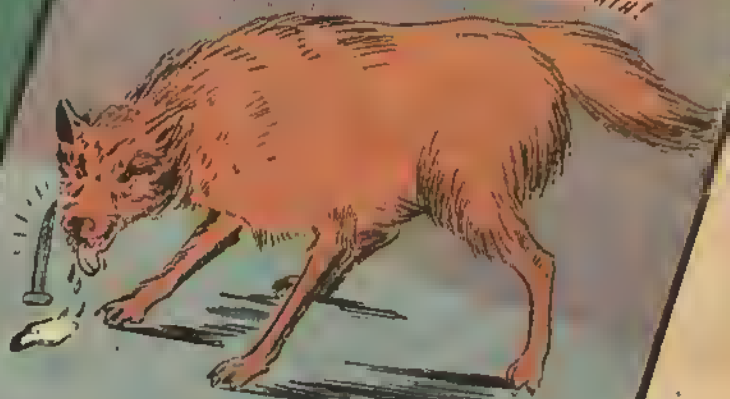
THE OCEAN HITCH HIKER  
IS THE **HALOBATE**,  
AN INSECT WHICH IS  
OFTEN FOUND MANY  
THOUSANDS OF MILES  
FROM LAND, RIDING  
ON FLOATING WEED.



**T**HE MISKITO INDIANS OF HONDURAS  
MAKE USE OF THE STRONG CLAMP  
LIKE JAWS OF THE SOLDIER PARASOL  
ANT TO CLOSE THEIR WOUNDS.....

## A WOLF SUICIDE

AN ESKIMO CAN CAUSE A WOLF TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE... A WHALEBONE KNIFE  
IS PLACED BLADE UP IN THE SNOW. THE  
WOLF IS ATTRACTED TO THE BLOOD-COVERED  
BLADE AND CUTS HIS TONGUE. THE TASTE  
OF BLOOD EXCITES HIS APPETITE AND  
HE CUTS HIMSELF MORE AND MORE  
UNTIL HE FINALLY BLEEDS TO DEATH!



**N**EARLY ALL THE  
INHABITANTS OF  
GREENLAND ARE  
DESCENDANTS OF  
EUROPEANS!



# MAIDEN IN DISTRESS

## A Clancy and Looney Story

By VIVIAN

"YOU know, Clancy, I was just thinkin' it's too bad the olden days are gone," Looney remarked to Clancy as they strolled down West Main Street. Looney was home on a two week furlough.

"Yeah," Clancy sighed, "I guess automobiles are here to stay."

"Aw, I don't mean the horse and buggy era. I mean the days of King Arthur's Round Table. You know, when knights were bold and damsels fair, and the knights would rescue the damsels."

"What's the matter with you, spring fever?" demanded Clancy, as he rubbed his hands together to protect them from the cold January wind. "If it's spring fever, Looney, my boy, it must be a hangover from last year, in this weather!"

"Just the same, it must have been swell for those knights, just dashing in and helping out those beautiful dames all year long!"

"You mean you wouldn't mind lending your assistance to some nice blonde like the one coming down the street now?" Clancy said, looking at a pretty girl that was hurrying towards them.

"Yup, she's just the type you'd like to rescue," Looney answered, and then was very flabbergasted when the Type You'd Like To Rescue came up to the boys and said, "Are you Clancy and Looney? I've been looking all over for you. Your

landlady said you headed in this direction so I came right down here. I need your help."

"That's fine, lady," said Clancy, "but Looney here says that the knight has to find the girl, not the girl the knight!"

"Shut up, Clancy, and let's hear what she has to say." Looney smiled at the blonde who was glancing from one to the other with a slight suspicious look on her face. She backed a full inch away from them before she continued talking.

"Well, you see, I have a very big problem on my hands, and I thought of you immediately, because of all I have heard and read about you."

Clancy shifted his weight from one foot to another and sheepishly hung his head. "Aw shucks, miss, we haven't done anything—much."

"That's not true. I think you're wonderful."

This remark caused Looney, who was far from being embarrassed, to flick a piece of imaginary dust from his lapel. "Yes," he agreed, "there's something in what you say."

"Well," the blonde smiled hesitatingly, "I shall tell you my trouble. I certainly hope you can help me. My father is an inventor. A very good one, too. But he is poor, and he needed money to finance his greatest and most recent invention. The man who lent him the money made him sign a contract, and he slipped a

clause in it which was very unfair and unscrupulous! It permits this man to take over the rights to my father's invention if he doesn't finish it by a certain date. Now my dad won't finish it for another month, at least, and the time allotted him expires tomorrow. There is no way that we can legally get the contract back, and the man also took the formula for the invention with it. He keeps both the formula and the contract locked in his safe. I know it's thievery, but there is no legal way of getting out of the contract, and since this man is going to really rob my father of his invention, I thought maybe you boys would help me by opening the safe and getting the contract and formula."

Clancy scratched his head. "Well, miss, I don't know. After all, I'm a cop, and . . ."

"Why, Clancy, you fat-head, can't you see this is our damsel in distress, and we are the knights who have to rescue her? We can't turn the poor gal down! Lead the way, miss. Where is this safe you wish cracked open?"

"Oh thank you, thank you!" The girl smiled dazzlingly at Looney. "You'll realize what an unfair advantage this man is taking of my father when I tell you that he will get back ten times the amount that he loaned my father if he sells the invention. The formula contains the secret for a new



type of gas, and a method for manufacturing it."

"Okay, sister, here come Sir Looney and Sir Clancy to the rescue." Looney tipped his hat and made a graceful bow.

Clancy doubtfully shook his head. "I still don't know . . ." His voice trailed off into oblivion as the girl tucked her hand under his arm and gently pulled him along.

"I left my car near here. Come. I'll drive you to the house. The man is Lon Carter, the munitions manufacturer. I have the plans of his house with me, and will tell you where the safe is and how to break into it. I made sure of everything before I came to you."

Looney nudged Clancy. "I'm sure we'll be decorated with the Cross of King Arthur's Round Table for this."

Clancy answered, "I just hope we don't get into any trouble up at headquarters because of you and your knights and damsels!"

Later, as it was growing dark, a car containing Clancy, Looney and the girl, stopped in front of a house. The two men got out, and after a whispered conference in which the girl promised to wait for them at the corner, they proceeded to tackle the problem of getting into the house and at the safe.

Looney, the light-weight, was the first to go through the window that happened to be open on the first floor. Clancy followed, and aside from the fact that all the window glass was shattered by his attempt to straighten his back at the wrong time, everything proceeded without disaster. Mi-

raculously, no one in the house was aroused at the sound of the broken glass, and the boys decided to play safe and take off their shoes so that no more noise would be caused.

Clancy at first refused to take off his shoes, not willing to show the holes in his socks, which he said would embarrass him if they got caught. But after a little persuasion from Looney, he joined him in the name of chivalry.

They tiptoed into the room containing the safe, which was artfully hidden behind a picture of some old walrus, probably Lon Carter, himself. Or at least that was what Looney said.

"Psst, Clancy, I think I've got the thing opened," Looney whispered as he pulled at a heavy steel door. "The combination worked."

"Now where is the contract and the formula?" Clancy, a stickler for detail, asked. "Hurry, before some one comes!"

"What did she say the formula was called? Oh yeah, Formula xxxxx4. Here's one xxxxx4. Wait'll I count each x! Okay, here, you take it."

Clancy took the contract and the formula and put it in his pocket.

"I'll put it here with my Aunt Mathilda's letter."

"Okay, Clancy, let's go back to the fair damsel." Looney closed the safe door. They proceeded out of the house without any further mishaps, and finally reached the car, which was waiting for them at the corner. There they discovered that they had left their shoes back in the house. They decided against going back for them.

After driving for a block, the girl turned round to them.

"May I have the contract and formula now?" she sweetly asked them.

"Sure," Clancy answered, hurriedly giving her the envelope, as if he were glad to get rid of it.

"Okay, boys, you can get out now," the blonde said viciously, as soon as the envelope was in her hands. "What suckers you two are! Falling for a line like that. The German government happens to be very, very interested in this formula, and I was commissioned to get it. I figured there was no reason why I shouldn't get a couple of suckers to do my work for me, and you two were the perfect dupes. Well, boys, here's where you get out. And it's no use tracing my license plate. This is a stolen car!"

An astonished, stocking-footed Clancy and Looney looked after the car as it zipped away.

"Well, whaddyaknow! So that's what we get for trying to help some dame that's in trouble. King Arthur can keep his Round Table! We go through all that trouble, and not only don't get thanked, but find we've been helping Germany, in the bargain." Looney's voice was filled with disillusionment and disgust.

Clancy, meanwhile, had been digging in his pocket. "Hey, Looney, guess what! I gave her the wrong envelope! She has Aunt Mathilda's letter! Just wait'll she reads it! Oh boy! Come on, we'll go back to the house and return the contract and formula, and get back our shoes!"

# CLANCY and LOONEY

WELL, YOU KNOW WE'RE SHORT OF MEN! NOW-

CHIEF! LOONEY'S GONNA HAVE A FURLOUGH!

by HUBBELL

I AND LOONEY HAVEN'T GOT TOGETHER FOR QUITE A WHILE, SO IF I COULD HAVE A DAY OR TWO OFF, CHIEF.

EVER, IF NOTHING SPECIAL COMES UP, OKAY!

THANKS, CHIEF! OH, OH!

RING

STICK AROUND, CLANCY, THIS MAY BE SOMETHING NOW!

YAS, THIS IS THE CHIEF SPEAKING...UM HUM, OKAY, I'LL SEND A MAN OVER RIGHT AWAY!

SORRY, CLANCY, THAT WAS PROFESSOR FUDDLEBAUM! HE WANTS SOMEONE TO GUARD HIS MUMMY!

HIS WHAT? WHY CAN'T HE TAKE CARE OF HIS OWN OLD LADY!

DOPE! IT'S AN OLD EGYPTIAN MUMMY HE JUST BOUGHT AND AIN'T HAD INSURED YET! HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF THE MAYOR'S. SO BEAT IT RIGHT OVER!

FER THE LOVA MIKE! I WOULD GET STUCK AT A TIME LIKE THIS! WELL, I'LL MEET LOONEY FIRST!

TOOT TOOT

H'YA, CLANCY! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE THAT UGLY PUSS!

HELLO, LOONEY!

ONE

GUM 5¢





SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS! GOTTA WATCH THIS GUY'S MUMMY TONIGHT BUT MAYBE I CAN GET OFF TO MORROW!



WHATTA YOU MEAN, TOMORROW? I'LL GO WITH YOU NOW, I AIN'T GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO!



YEH-I'M LEARNING TO BE A REGULAR COM-MANDO! I CAN DIS-ARM A GUY WITH A KNIFE AN' ALL THAT STUFF!



NO KIDDIN'? IS THAT HOW YOU GOT ALL THEM CUTS AND NICKS ON YOUR HANDS?



OH- THEM! UM... NO, I GOT THOSE PEELIN' POTATOES!



PROFESSOR FUDDLEBAUM? I AND MY FRIEND WAS SENT TO GUARD YOUR MUMMY!



HUMPH! WELL, WIPE YOUR FEET OFF! I CAN'T HAVE DUST TRACKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE!



POOEY! WHAT A DUMP! WE SHOULDN'T TRACK DUST IN, HE SAYS!

SOME CRUST!



THIS IS MY COLLECTION! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU MY LATEST PRIZE!



AH! THERE IT IS! RAMSES THE FOURTH COST \$20,000 AND WORTH EVERY CENT! WELL, GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!



MIDNIGHT...

BOY, WHAT A MISER! SPENDS ALL THAT DOUGH FOR A CRUMMY OLD MUMMY AN' WON'T EVEN GIVE US A LAMP!

GEE, THIS JOINT IS SPOOKY -- ESPECIALLY ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

HUMM - I DON'T  
SUPPOSE IT'D DO US  
NO HARM TO SNITCH  
A SNACK OUT OF THE  
ICE BOX, AT THAT!



YEH-PROBABLY  
ALL WE'LL FIND  
WILL BE A COUPLE  
OF CORPSES!

WHEEW!  
WHAT A GLOOMY  
DUMP! I WOULDN'T  
BE CAUGHT DEAD IN IT!



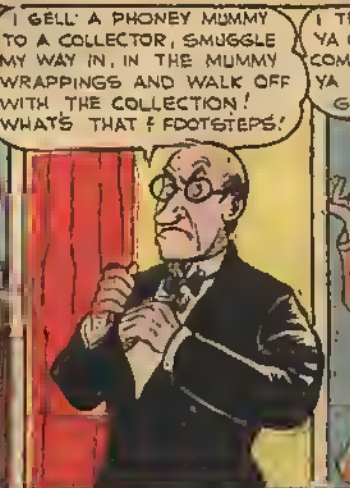
I THOUGHT THOSE  
TWO DOPES WOULD  
NEVER LEAVE 'A!  
MOST SUFFOCATED  
IN THERE!



HA! WILL OLD MAN  
FUDDLEBAUM BE SURPRISED.  
HIS MUMMY AND HALF HIS  
COLLECTION GONE! WHAT  
A WONDERFUL RACKET!



I GELL' A PONEY MUMMY  
TO A COLLECTOR, SMUGGLE  
MY WAY IN, IN THE MUMMY  
WRAPPINGS AND WALK OFF  
WITH THE COLLECTION!  
WHAT'S THAT F FOOTSTEPS!



I TELL YA, CLANCY,  
YA CAN'T BEAT THIS  
COMMANDO STUFF!  
YA DON'T NEED A  
GUN EVEN!



UM YUMMY  
GLOB! YA  
GOTTA SHOW  
ME!

WELL, WE'LL  
PRETEND YOU'RE  
GONNA ATTACK ME  
SO ALL I DO IS  
GRAB YOU  
LIKE THIS.



?

AND FLOP  
YOU OVER LIKE  
THIS!

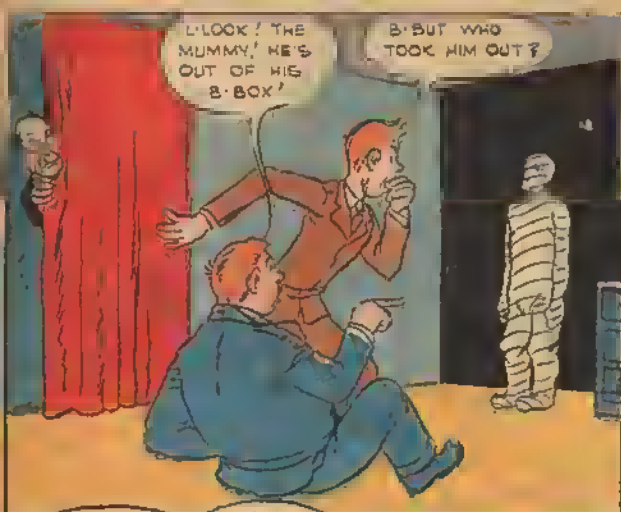


MY GOSH!  
DID I DO THAT?  
SEE, I WISHT THE  
INSTRUCTOR COULDA  
SEEN THAT!



TA-THE  
MUMMY...  
SPOOT!





L'LOOK! THE MUMMY! HE'S OUT OF HIS B-BOX!

B-BUT WHO TOOK HIM OUT?



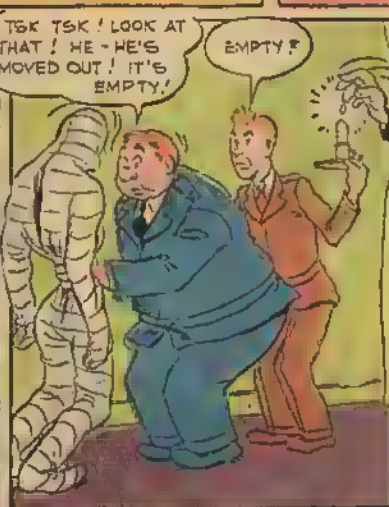
GREAT GUNS! F-FOOTSTEPS! IT'S BEEN WALKIN' AROUND!

BAH! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MUMMY WRAP-PING AND GET OUT OF HERE!



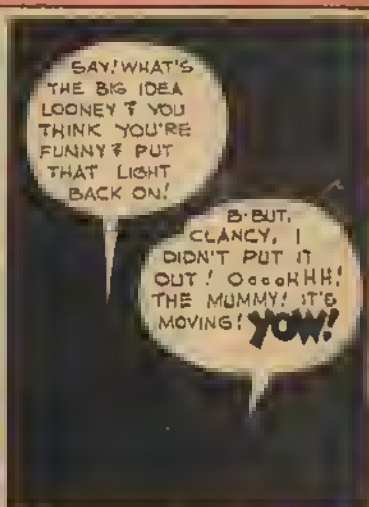
WELL, WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM STANDIN' AROUND! PUT IM BACK, LOONEY!

SAY! STOP SHOVIN' ME! THAT'S YOUR JOB, NOT MINE!



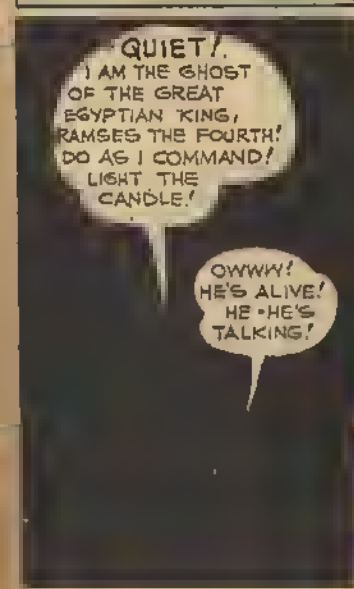
TSK TSK! LOOK AT THAT! HE-HE'S MOVED OUT! IT'S EMPTY!

EMPTY?



SAY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA LOONEY? YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY? PUT THAT LIGHT BACK ON!

B-BUT, CLANCY, I DIDN'T PUT IT OUT! OOOOHHH! THE MUMMY! IT'S MOVING! **YOW!**



QUIET!  
I AM THE GHOST OF THE GREAT EGYPTIAN KING, RAMSES THE FOURTH! DO AS I COMMAND! LIGHT THE CANDLE!

OWWW!  
HE'S ALIVE!  
HE-HE'S TALKING!



NOW WHAT?  
D-DON'T GET EXCITED, LOONEY! I'LL TALK TO HIM! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?



YOU MUST HELP ME RETURN THE TREASURES OF MY ANCESTORS! ONLY THEN CAN I REST IN PEACE! FIRST GATHER ALL THESE RELICS TOGETHER!

THE CHIEF AND OLD RIDDLEBAUM ARE GONNA BE AWFUL MAD, BUT I AIN'T ONE TO ARGUE WITH A GHOST!

'WELL, HE SAID THE STUFF BELONGS TO HIS FOLKS! IF MR. FIDDLEBAUM STOLE IT HE OUGHTA BE ARRESTED!

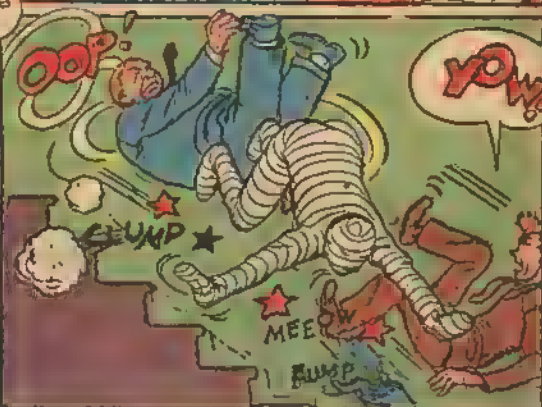
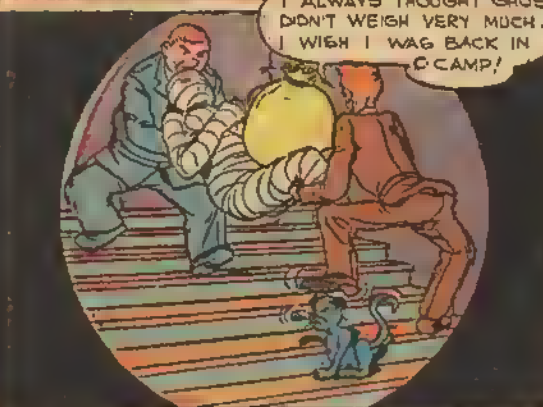


WE GOT ALL THE STUFF! WHAT'S NEXT?

NOW, I WANT YOU TO CARRY ME AND MY BELONGINGS TO THE CEMETERY! YOU CAN LEAVE ME THERE AND I WILL JOIN MY ANCESTORS!



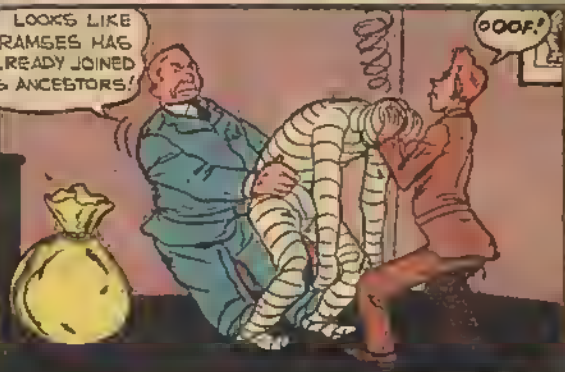
I ALWAYS THOUGHT GHOSTS DIDN'T WEIGH VERY MUCH! I WISH I WAS BACK IN CAMP!



WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU DOPE! WHAT HAPPENED?

IT WAS ANOTHER GHOST! SOUNDED LIKE A BANGSHEE!

LOOKS LIKE RAMSES HAS ALREADY JOINED HIS ANCESTORS!



WHY DO THEY HAVE THESE JOINTS SO FAR OUT OF TOWN? HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN WALKING?

LOOKS WHAT A WAY TO SPEND A FURLOUGH!

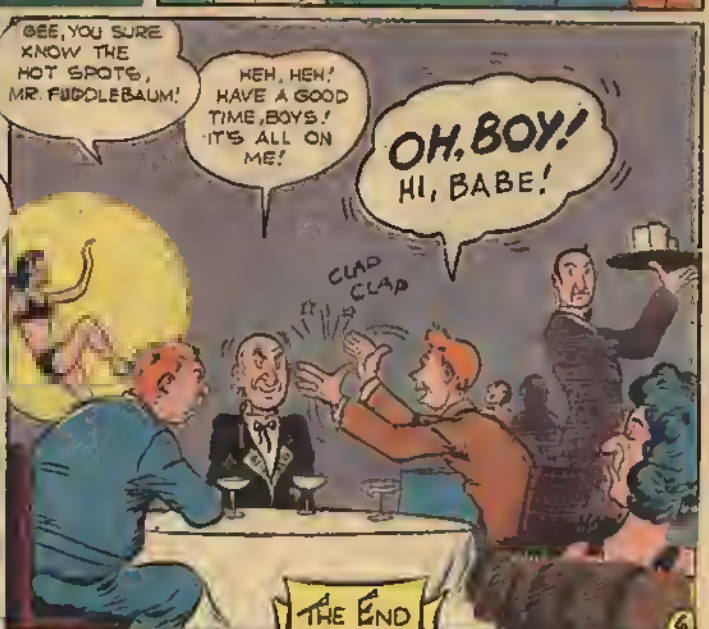


WHEEEWWW! I GOTTA REST! MY DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME!

ME TOO! I SUPPOSE WE BETTER BURY THIS GUY OR HE'LL HAUNT US!



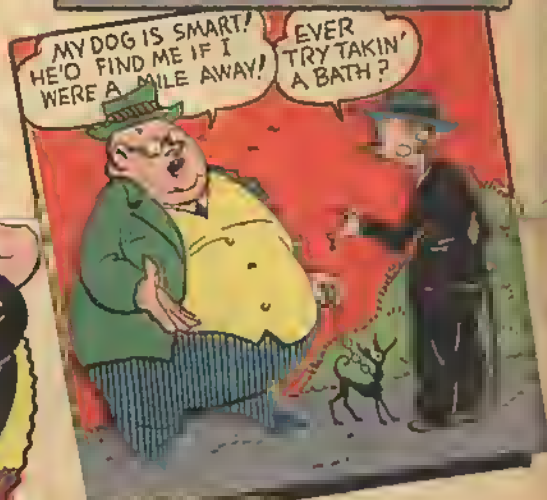
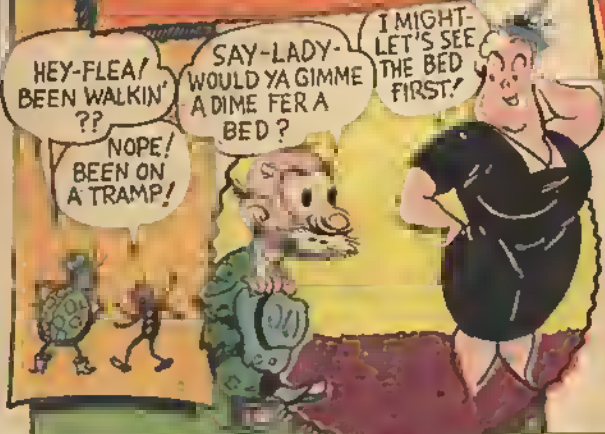
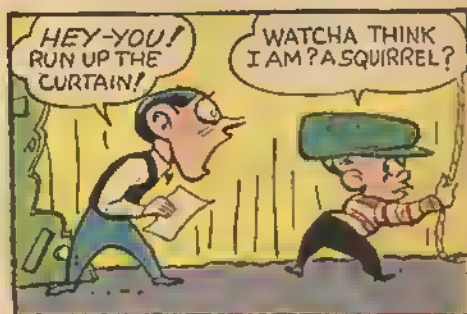




# JEST JOKES

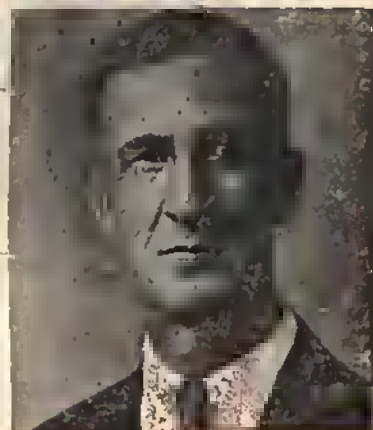


WRITTEN BY SAHLE





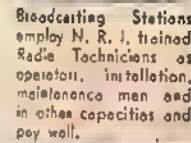
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He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



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"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can save so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$100 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." **JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.**

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**RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**





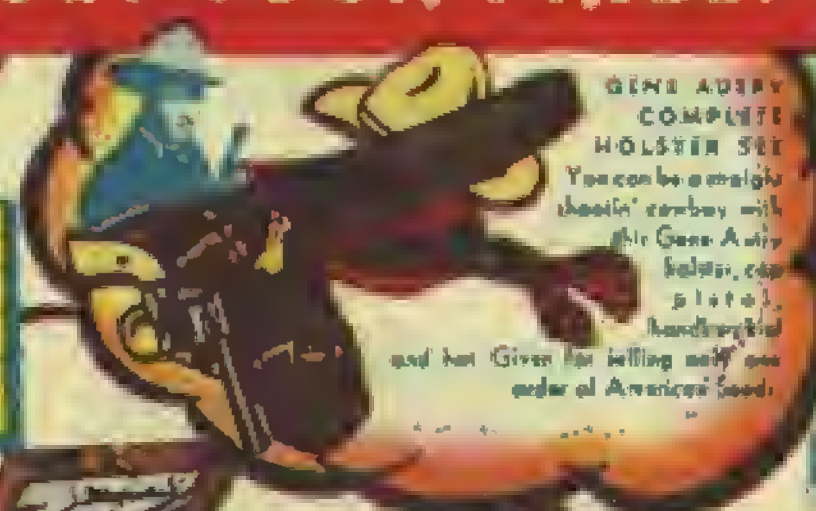
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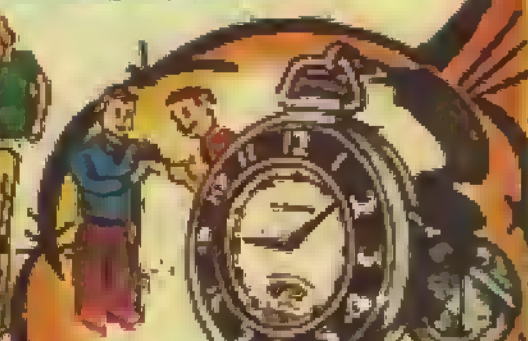
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OUR 25TH YEAR

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